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Yours truly
C. S. Norton

“THE RED NECK TIES,”

OR

HISTORY OF THE FIFTEENTH

NEW YORK VOLUNTEER CAVALRY,

CONTAINING A

*Record of the Battles, Skirmishes, Marches, etc., that
the Regiment participated in from its organiza-
tion in August, 1863, to the time of its discharge
in August, 1865.*

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

CHAUNCEY S. NORTON.

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TO THE
SURVIVING MEMBERS
OF THE
Fifteenth New York Volunteer Cavalry,
AND TO THE
FRIENDS AND RELATIVES
OF THOSE
WHO FELL IN BATTLE OR DIED IN REBEL PRISONS THAT
THE UNION MIGHT BE PRESERVED,
IS THIS
VOLUME RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE year 1863 opened dark and gloomy for the Union cause. Burnside's magnificent army had been hurled back from the heights of Fredericksburg the month previous, and thousands upon thousands of our brave boys had been needlessly sacrificed. In the spring of 1863 Gen. Hooker took command of the Army of the Potomac, and the loyal people of the North, having confidence in him, awaited the coming shock with the expectation that victory would perch upon our banners. The battle of Chancellorsville was fought and the gallant army was again beaten back with enormous loss. The enemy, emboldened by their success, now planned an invasion of the North. The term of the two years' men having expired, and the terrible losses sustained by the army in its numerous engagements necessitated the calling for more volunteers, and under that call the 15th New York Cavalry was organized and sent to the front.

In the meantime another change of commanders had occurred, Gen. George C. Meade assuming command. The rebel army was brought to bay at Gettysburg, Pa., and there on the 1st, 2nd and 3d of July,

1863, occurred one of the most desperate and sanguinary conflicts ever fought on the American continent, victory finally perching on the banners of the Union army. This battle was considered the turning point of the rebellion, the high water mark, for from that time on, under the vigorous blows of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, the structure began to decay and finally went to pieces at Appomattox Court House, Va., in the spring of 1865.

The part you took in bringing about this glorious result is one that you and future generations can look back to with pride. Under the lead of the gallant Custer, who commanded the "red neck tie" division, you did your full share in crushing treason and upholding the honor of the dear old flag.

ITHACA, N. Y., April, 1891.

THE RED NECK TIES.

CHAPTER I.

Authority to Raise the Regiment—Company Officers—Field and Staff—Where the Different Companies were Raised—Location of Camp—How They Passed Away Time—Cook's Coffee House—How They Worked the Scheme to Get a Free Meal—Visitors in Camp.

THE 15th New York Volunteer Cavalry was organized at Syracuse, N. Y., in the summer of 1863, under the following Special Orders :

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

ALBANY, MAY 29, 1863.

Special Orders }
No. 251. }

Authority is hereby given for the reorganization of the 12th regiment New York State Volunteers as a regiment of cavalry, to be known and designated as the Fifteenth Regiment of Cavalry, New York State Volunteers.

The following named officers are hereby appointed :

Colonel—Robert M. Richardson.

Lieutenant-Colonel—Augustus I. Root.

Col. Richardson will establish his headquarters at Syracuse, in the County of Onondaga, and proceed with the organization of the regiment in conformity with the provisions of General Orders No. 110 War Department, current series, and General Orders No.

20 from this office, together with such orders and instructions as he may from time to time receive from these headquarters.

Sixty (60) days is allowed for the organization of this regiment, and if not completed in that time will be liable to consolidation.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

Signed,

JOHN T. SPRAGUE,

Adjutant General.

The regiment was raised principally in the counties of Onondaga, Ontario, Orange, Oneida, Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Genesee, Tompkins and Erie. The commanding officers of the different companies were as follows :

Co. A—Capt. Michael Auer.

Co. B—Capt. Thomas G. Putnam.

Co. C—Capt. Jefferson C. Bigelow.

Co. D—Capt. Orson R. Colegrove.

Co. E—Capt. George M. Ellicott.

Co. F—Capt. Leonard F. Hathaway.

Co. G—Capt. Wallis M. Boyer.

Co. H—Capt. John F. Moschell.

Co. I—Capt. Joseph Herron.

Co. K—Capt. John S. Hicks.

Co. L—Capt. Marshall M. Loydon.

Co. M—Capt. Seth J. Steves.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel—Robert M. Richardson.

Lt.-Col.—Augustus I. Root.

Majors—Joseph H. Wood, Robert H. S. Hyde.

Adjutant—Sydney Tuttle.

Quartermaster—Edward R. Trull.

Surgeon—George V. Skiff.

Commissary—Courtland Clark.

The men as fast as enlisted were sent to the camp of instruction located at Syracuse. The spot selected was just on the outskirts of the southern part of the city, or where is now located the old fair grounds. Many of the enlisted men were old veterans, having seen service under McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside and Hooker. Others had never fired a gun or handled a sabre, but had become soldiers and willing to put on a soldier's garb and battle for their country's honor. To them camp life and camp rations were a novelty.

Camp discipline was not very severe. Occasionally a patrol would be sent out, but for what purpose no one could tell, as no passes were required to go in and out of camp. Many of the men to pass away time would seek employment in the city whereby they could earn some money. Some helped load and unload canal boats, some worked at other trades, and your historian remembers of putting in several days' work in the job room of the Syracuse Journal.

Cook's "Coffee House" was then in all of its glory. It was situated on the spot where the Vanderbilt House now stands, and its tables fairly groaned under the weight of its toothsome dainties. It was the headquarters in those days for the privates, especially about dinner time, and there was generally a

scramble to see who could get in first, and in many instances get out without paying for it. I attribute that to a trick learned during their two years' service and which they had imparted to the new recruits. The scheme was to walk into the dining rooms, sit down to the table and eat a square meal, and watch when a crowd was about to go out and mingle with them. As they were not required to pay until they came out of course there was generally a crowd around the cashier's desk, which was the opportunity offered for the "boys" to slide out.

Nightfall would generally find them all wending their way to camp to repose upon the soft side of a plank wrapped up in their blankets, or upon the ground if the weather was favorable.

The camp was visited every day by the friends and relatives of the enlisted men, who came to see how they fared and were getting along.

CHAPTER II.

Mustered into the United States Service---Laughable Incidents---Part of the Regiment Leave for Staten Island and the Rest for Washington---Camp Stoneman---A Sightly Place---Drawing Horses and Equipments---Our First Experience on Horseback---A Cavalryman's Duties---The Russian Fleet---Inspecting Boxes Received by Express---The First Casualties.

THE companies composing the first and second battalions were mustered into the United States service between August 8th and 26th, 1863, and those of the third battalion between November, 1863, and January, 1864. Some amusing incidents occurred during the muster in of some of the companies. One especially coming under the writer's notice was that of Sewell Babcock of Co. G. Babcock was quite small, and his comrades were doubtful of his passing muster. But he was full of patriotism and determined to go with his company, so after being marched out to the place where the ceremony took place, and while the officers were going through the preliminaries, Babcock, who was in the rear rank, with the aid of some of his comrades, built a little mound of earth, covered it with grass, and stood on it. He passed. I have no doubt instances of the same nature occurred in other companies of the regiment.

"Fall in ; fall in," was the joyful sound heard on Saturday, August 29th, and Cos. A, B, C, and E took up their line of march from camp to the railroad station, where they boarded the cars and were off for Staten Island, their place of rendezvous, under command of Lieut.-Col. Root. On Monday, September 21st, two companies of the second battalion, under command of Capt. Colegrove, left for Staten Island.

On Friday, October 16th, the companies remaining at Syracuse boarded the cars and were transported direct to Washington, arriving there on Sunday, October 18th. The following day they went out to Camp Stoneman, where they found the first battalion in camp, they having arrived there nearly a month before and had received their horses and been out on several reconnoissances.

Camp Stoneman was situated on a slight knoll commanding a beautiful view of the country. Washington lay to the north of us, the Potomac to the west, and the ancient city of Alexandria to the south. Although the camp was high and dry, there was quite an amount of sickness among the men, and several deaths, due no doubt to homesickness and a change of climate and diet.

In due course of time the second battalion drew clothing and sabres, and drilling commenced. Before many weeks every man was an expert in the handling of a sabre. Recruits continued to arrive daily, and were put through the same ordeal.

On the 29th of November, 1863, they received

their horses and equipments, and then commenced the fun for them as no doubt it was for the men of the first battalion. Scarcely one out of a hundred of the men composing the regiment had ever rode a horse to any great extent while at home, and to witness their attempts to mount and go through the evolutions was amusing to say the least. They were first put through a course of drill bareback for several days. After becoming used to that, a blanket was given them, which afforded them some relief. Next came saddles without stirrups, and the agony was increased tenfold. But we had enlisted to be soldiers, and must take the bitter with the sweet. Finally stirrups were put on and our troubles were over, but some of the men were nearly used up with the hardships endured.

On the 30th of November, Co. I, Capt. Joseph Herron, was mustered in and put through the same ordeal.

A cavalryman's life is not an easy one by any means. The first thing in the morning he has to feed his horse. The horse eats his grain out of a nose bag which is held on by a strap that goes over his head. While he is eating the men groom him, which usually occupies an hour. After that the men get their breakfast and then go and water their horses. Guard mounting follows, then drill ; next comes dinner, to be followed by more drilling ; then dress parade, feeding and watering horses again, supper, and in a little while to bed. On a march or a scout,

no matter how tired you are, your horse has to be taken care of when you halt for the night, whether you have anything to eat or not ; for if neglected they would soon give out and become worthless.

Several patrols were sent out while we lay at Camp Stoneman, one detachment going as far as Port Tobacco, in Lower Maryland, 35 miles down the Potomac. On December 11th a detachment went over into Virginia after some horses.

During our stay here a Russian fleet, consisting of four men-of-war, hove in sight and anchored in the Potomac in plain view of our camp. While lying there the vessels on several occasions were decked from top to bottom with flags and bunting, presenting a beautiful sight.

Thus the days passed and the holidays approached. Boxes began to arrive from home containing dainties that only a soldier knew how to appreciate. There was an order issued from headquarters that all boxes must undergo an inspection, and if any liquor was found in them it was confiscated by the "powers that was." It was amusing to see how the boys trembled for fear it would be discovered. But their injunction to those at home how to prepare a box had been obeyed, and the box would generally pass muster. Once inside the tent the soldier would throw off all restraint and a search commenced. The little "joker" sometimes would be found inside of a roll of butter, again in a roll of tobacco, or inside of a cake or a loaf of bread ; and last, but not least,

would serve as the stuffing for a chicken or turkey.

Mail was sent and received from the absent ones daily. Passes were granted quite often to the men who wished to visit the capital. Four inches of snow fell on the 9th of January, 1864, which made the men think of their northern homes.

The first casualty in the regiment was that of private Augustus Holburton, who was shot and killed by guerrillas about the 1st of November, 1863.

Private John C. Clark, of Co. H, was also killed by a stray bullet while in the act of cooking his meal.

CHAPTER III.

Breaking Camp—Our First Day's March—Arrival in Loudon Valley, Va.—Mud Ankle Deep—First Night On Picket—Mobley the Guerrilla—The First Engagement—A Retreat Ordered—Death of Capt. Morgan of the First New York Veteran Cavalry—Lieut. Hampton of the 15th Badly Wounded and Taken Prisoner—Bravery of Our Men—The Losses.

 N the 16th of January, 1864, the regiment broke camp and took up their line of march for Virginia. A few dismounted men were left behind in command of Quartermaster Trull. The column passed through Washington and Georgetown and encamped the first night at Frederick, Md. From there we went to Harper's Ferry, reaching that place on the 19th and crossing the river, encamped in Loudon Valley.

The night previous to our arrival, the rebels under command of one Mobley had attacked the troops that we had relieved. Being acquainted with the country, they had surprised and taken prisoners the Union pickets and then charged their main camp, killing and wounding quite a number while lying in their tents. The members of the 15th were told of the exploits of this guerrilla leader and his men; what he had done, and how treacherous he was, and

the detail sent out on picket that night for the first time in the enemy's country, will never forget their experience and what thoughts were conjured up.

The location of our camp was far from being a favorable one, as it was situated in a ravine with the mud ankle deep. Thanks to Lieut. Hurd of Co. H who was acting Quartermaster, enough lumber was secured so that each tent was provided with a board floor. The regiment remained here for a number of days and made frequent scouts up the valley after Mobley and his men but never succeeded in capturing him, although some of the 15th were roundly abused by his mother, to whose house in the mountains they went one night in hopes of capturing him.

Breaking camp again we recrossed the river and encamped at Halltown, Va. On January 31st, 1864, a detail left camp for several days' scout. On February 4th they were at Moorfield, Va., and saw a rebel wagon train ascending a mountain road. The men were eager to capture it, but Col. Mulligan, who was in command of the troops composing the expedition, refused to let them. The casualties on the raid were two men wounded.

We were brigaded when we went to Halltown with the 21st New York, 1st New York Veterans and 22d Pennsylvania Cavalry.

On Friday, February 19th, 1864, seventy-five men from the 15th New York cavalry, under command of Capt. Michael Auer, and Lieuts. Hurd and Hampton; twenty-five men from the First New York

Veteran cavalry, under command of Capt. Morgan, and fifty men from the 22d Pennsylvania cavalry, were sent by Gen. Hunter from Harper's Ferry to Uppersville and Front Royal to meet a detachment. Leaving at 9 P. M. under Major Cole of the 22d Pennsylvania cavalry, they arrived at Uppersville at 2:30 o'clock the next morning, halted in a piece of woods with pickets out till early dawn, and then charged on Col. Mosby's headquarters. This was the first cavalry work taken part in by the 15th New York cavalry, and the result was the capture of sixteen privates and three officers, besides killing several and scattering the rest of the rebel raiders.

The next order was "On to Front Royal!" But the little Union force had not gone more than a mile and a half before the rapidly gathering squads of Confederate horsemen showed that a continued march would probably result in disaster and capture. A retreat was ordered with the nineteen prisoners placed in front under guard. Capt. Morgan was in command of the rear guard, and the force had only just retraced their steps through Uppersville when the rebels made a charge on the rear guard, killing Capt. Morgan and driving his men into the main column. A counter charge drove the Confederates back and the retreat was resumed.

The worst was to come. The column was moving down a steep icy hill between two stone walls less than three rods apart. All of the horses were smooth shod, and the retreat was slow. At the foot of the

hill was a sudden turn in the road to the right, and the rebels conceived the plan of cutting across lots, intercept the front of the column and rescue the prisoners before the rear guard could come down the slippery hill road to their assistance. Capt. Auer, of the 15th, was then in command of the rear guard, and seeing the movement he ordered Lieut. B. N. Hurd, also of the 15th, to go back with a detachment of twenty men to hinder the plan, while he dashed across the field with a force to stop the rebels' advance. Capt. Auer led his men across till they reached a rail fence which their horses could not vault on account of its being up hill. A hay stack just over the fence was sheltering the rebels, and before a gap could be made in the fence the horses of Capt. Auer and Lieut. Hampton, of the 15th, had been shot, and Lieut. Hampton shot through the shoulder and knocked senseless by a sabre blow on the head. Deprived of its officers, the company fell back just as Lieut. Hurd with his twenty men were coming down to their aid from the top of the hill. Lieut. Hurd soon took in the situation and realized that he was completely cut off from the main line unless he could reach the road and join the column by running the gauntlet of the icy track down the hill with the rebels firing from the walls. Some of the twenty succeeded, but not all.

"Surrender, you — — —," yelled the rebels, leaning over the walls with their pistols. Lieut. Hurd was one of the last to run the gauntlet, and fir-

ing his last shot as he passed the enemy, he dropped over on the side of his big black horse. The first fire pierced the horse through, and he fell mortally wounded with his rider clinging to his neck. In trying to extricate his feet from the stirrups, however, one of the spurs pierced the horse's flank, at which he leaped again to his feet and dashed with his rider past the enemy's line. No sooner had he reached the main body than the noble animal again sank to the ground, and died of his wounds. Capt. Auer had obtained another horse in the meantime and was urging on the lieutenant in his race for life.

Lieut. Hampton was not killed, but on regaining consciousness found himself in the hands of the enemy. His wounds were dressed by the rebel surgeon, and he was treated like a gentleman while he remained with them. He had but lately joined the 15th New York Cavalry, having been transferred from the 8th New York Cavalry. While serving in the latter regiment he was also taken prisoner and was confined four months.

The casualties of the Fifteenth were six men wounded and captured. The rebel loss was several killed and wounded, besides the nineteen prisoners captured and brought safely into camp.

Sergeant Hatch, of Co. A, (who was afterward killed at Green Springs Run), was very conspicuous for bravery in this action.

CHAPTER IV.

Scouting and Foraging—The Faithful Old Darkeys—Disloyalty of the White Element—An Episode—Off for Burlington or “Mud Camp”—An Isolated Place—Companies L and M Joins the Regiment—Col. Richardson Arrives and Takes Command—A Mounted Band—Shot on Picket—Saltpetre Works Destroyed—Disagreeable Weather—Night Alarms—Punished for Insulting Women.

SCOUTING and foraging expeditions were the almost daily occupations of the regiment while lying at Halltown. The inhabitants of the Shenandoah valley were intensely disloyal and showed their hate in a variety of ways towards the Union soldiers. Charlestown, the hot-bed of secession in the valley, was visited several times, the citizens showing their spite by keeping in doors and peeking out through closed blinds, while the boys retaliated by singing “John Brown’s Body.” The court house at Charlestown was an object of interest, it being the place where John Brown was tried and condemned.

No little amusement was occasioned while out foraging, by the pitiful wail of the inmates of the houses that you ‘uns had taken everything and had left them nothing to eat. But the faithful old darkies with a comical wink would pilot the boys to a

hay or straw stack or a mound of earth, which being torn down or uncovered would disclose a quantity of bacon and hams, and the wagons would return to camp at night well laden with the necessaries of life, while across the pommel of the saddles might be seen dangling many a fowl.

One day while the regiment was marching along the turnpike, returning to camp from one of their frequent scouts, a member of the regiment, whose haversack was empty and whose hunger must be appeased, entered a house whose only occupant was a lady, and accosted her thus :

“Madam, can I get anything to eat here ?”

“No, sir, your folks have taken everything I have.”

“What do you live on ?”

In the meantime the soldier’s eyes had not been idle, and he espied a cupboard in one corner of the room. Addressing the woman again, he said :

“Well, I must have something to eat, so I will just look around and see what I can find.”

Advancing towards the cupboard, the woman halted him with the remark that she might possibly find him something, and opening the cupboard door she took out a nice piece of boiled ham and half a loaf of bread, and handed them to him. The soldier politely thanked her and rejoined his regiment.

February 24th.—A detail of about 200 men left camp early on a scout. They were gone all day, catching here and there a glimpse of small squads of

rebels, but their horses were too fleet for us, and they managed to keep out of harin's way. On returning to camp at night they found it deserted, the rest of the regiment having left for Burlington, West Va., and the rest of the brigade sent to other places. It being late, and men and horses tired out, they unsaddled and concluded to remain all night, being served with hot coffee by the members of the 21st New York Cavalry who were encamped near by.

February 25th.—Got an early start and overtook the balance of the regiment.

February 26th.—Arrived at Romney and encamped all night, a number of the boys taking up their quarters in the court house and some staying in private houses where they regaled themselves on hoe-cake and bacon served up to them by those ever faithful friends of the soldiers, the negroes.

February 27th.—Reached Burlington and went into camp ; and what a place for a camp. It was appropriately named "Camp Mud." It was situated between two high hills, the ravine being not over 75 to 100 feet wide, and when the tents were pitched there was not much spare room left. Why we were sent there is a problem not yet solved. One single regiment in the enemy's country, some 40 or 50 miles from any other command. Some one blundered, but as it was, the Johnnies did not molest us much.

February 28th.—Companies L and M joined the regiment.

February 29th.—A scouting party of 300 started out.

March 1st.—Snowed and rained all day. The camp in a horrible condition as regards mud and slush.

March 2d.—A detail started off on a scout towards Petersburg.

March 3d.—After an early breakfast boots and saddles sounded, the march was resumed, and soon afterwards the picket fires of the rebels were seen but no enemy encountered. Passed through Petersburg during the day and went into camp beyond the town for the night.

March 4th.—The scouting party returned to camp.

March 10th.—Boots and saddles sounded three times at night. Co. K put under arrest for causing a disturbance.

March 12th.—A scouting party sent out to Moorfield.

March 13th.—Colonel Richardson arrives and assumes command of the regiment for the first time since we left Syracuse. A novelty to be seen in camp is a brass band mounted. The members composing it were taken from the different companies, and after a little practice rendered some excellent music.

March 15th.—The weather becomes quite cold.

March 22d.—Another detail started off on a scout at 3 A. M. They proceeded as far as Franklin

and destroyed the saltpetre works located there. The column was gone several days and endured many hardships as the weather was very disagreeable. They captured a jackass battery but lost it on their return trip while coming down the mountain side.

March 25th.—At ten o'clock at night picket firing was heard, boots and saddles sounded, and the camp was in a state of excitement for a few minutes. The men were finally dismissed with the injunction to sleep on their arms all night to be ready for any emergency.

March 30th.—Three inches of snow fell.

April 8th.—The regiment was ordered out dismounted and they were marched to the vicinity of the guard house and formed in a hollow square. Several members of the regiment, who had been arrested for insulting women, were then brought out and underwent the humiliating operation of having their heads shaved.

April 10th.—Another scouting party sent out to the vicinity of Moorfield. Scouting seemed to be the chief occupation of the regiment and served in a measure to keep them out of mischief.

The paymaster was a welcome visitor while we lay in camp at Burlington. Some of the regiment were off on a scout when he arrived, and on their return had to take up with what sort of money he had left. One man was paid off entirely in "shinplasters" in small denominations, and he had a wad nearly as big as a roll of wall paper lugging off to his tent.

April 17th.—Thomas Emily, of Co. G, while out on picket was shot through the wrist by a bush-whacker, and subsequently died from the effects of the wound. All of the inhabitants in the vicinity of the camp would profess to be staunch Unionists during the day, but as soon as night came they would sneak up to the pickets and shoot them down in cold blood.

April 19th.—Called up at 3 A. M., as an attack on the camp was momentarily expected.

April 20th.—Boots and saddles again sounded at 4 A. M., and the men stood to their horses anxiously awaiting events. There being no cause for the alarm they were ordered back to their tents, but cautioned to be on the alert.

April 23d.—Orders were received to pack up and be ready to leave at a moment's notice.

April 24th.—The regiment left camp at 10 A. M., traveled all day and went into camp at Frankfort.

April 25th.—Resumed the march and went as far as Springfield and went into camp. Laid here for several days, being joined by several other regiments.

April 29th.—Everything packed up ready for a move. The dismounted men sent to the rear. The regiment left camp and reached Romney at 5 A. M. on the morning of April 30th.

CHAPTER V.

Arrival at Winchester—Our Pay Increased to Sixteen Dollars a Month—Assigned to the Second Brigade, First Division, West Virginia Cavalry—Massing of Troops—A Reconnoisance Ordered—The Skirmish at Lost River Gap—The Skirmish at Newtown—Capt. Brett of the First New York Cavalry Killed—The Noted Rebel Guerrilla Harry Gilmour Captured but Manages to Escape.

 N Saturday, May 1st, 1864, the regiment reached Winchester, arriving there about 7 p. m., and going into camp on Senator Mason's plantation. The government to-day increased the pay of her soldiers to \$16 a month. Our brigade at this time was known as the Second Brigade, First Division, West Virginia Cavalry. The division was commanded by Brigadier-General Duffie and the brigade by Col. Wynkoop, and consisted of the 15th New York and 20th and 22d Pennsylvania Cavalry.

May 2d.—The troops in the vicinity of Winchester were reviewed by Gen. Stahl. They comprised infantry, cavalry and artillery to the number of 15,000 or more, under command of Gen. Sigel. The cavalry were kept busy scouting in various directions, and everything betokened a movement against the enemy.

May 6th.—A detail of 200 men from the 15th New York cavalry under the command of Lieut.-Col.

Root, Capts. Hathaway and Bigelow, and Lieuts. Hurd and Rulifson, together with a battalion of the 22d Pennsylvania cavalry, all under command of Col. Jacob Higgins of the 22d Pennsylvania, were ordered to make a reconnoisance in the direction of Moorfield and left camp that evening. As they were participants in some exciting scenes your historian thought it might be of interest to give an account of their journeyings.

They arrived at Moorfield on Saturday evening, May 8th, losing one man on the way, and drove the rebels out of the place and encamped there for the night. On the morning of the 10th they broke camp and resumed their march. Nothing of importance occurred until about 10 A. M. when the enemy's cavalry were discovered and the 22d Pennsylvania, who were in advance, immediately charged them and they retreated into a mountain pass hotly pursued by our men. This was just what the Johnnies wanted, for they had led us into an ambush. They had artillery and infantry posted in the gap, and no sooner had our men entered it than they opened a destructive fire, but luckily not doing much damage. Our boys were compelled to retreat, the enemy closely pursuing in overwhelming numbers. A running fight was kept up to and beyond Romney when the pursuit was abandoned. This affair was known as Lost River Gap. The loss to the detachment of the 15th was eight.

The detachment brought up at Cumberland, Md.,

and thence proceeded to Green Spring Run, and after remaining there a day or two took up their line of march for Martinsburg at which place they went into camp.

On the 24th of May what was left of the detachment of the 15th New York, together with a small remnant of the 21st New York Cavalry and a few infantrymen, in all about 125 men under command of Lieut.-Col. Root, left Martinsburg for the front in charge of twelve or fifteen wagons loaded with hospital supplies. Capt. Brett of the 1st New York cavalry was one of the party on his way to join his regiment. The command halted for the night within a mile or so of Winchester. The next morning the march was resumed. Passing through Winchester safely they soon reached Newtown without any signs of the enemy being seen. Continuing their march they had not proceeded far when shots were heard in the rear. Lieut. Hurd of the 15th who was in command of the advance guard immediately led his men back to the town and found the wagon train in possession of the enemy and the rear guard scattered. He immediately ordered a charge which served to hold the rebels in check. At the first onslaught of the enemy Capt. Brett was killed and Lieut. Rulifson received a clip over the head with a sabre. The rebel force outnumbering our troops, the command fell back about a mile when they encountered a Union force consisting of a regiment of infantry on their way to Martinsburg. The situation was quickly explained

to the colonel of the regiment who urged forward his men, and on arriving at Newtown a charge was made which ended in the complete rout of the enemy, the recapture of the train, and the recovery of the body of Capt. Brett. During the charge Lieut. Hurd captured the noted guerrilla, Harry Gilmour, but he managed to escape during the melee. Several of the 15th were taken prisoners, among them being Samuel Webber of Co. L and George Sturdevant of Co. I, who subsequently died at Andersonville. The command retraced their steps to Martinsburg and in the course of a few days again started for the front, rejoining the regiment on the night of June 5th. In this affair the 15th lost sixteen in wounded and missing.

CHAPTER VI.

A Forward Movement—The Battle of New Market—Repulse of the Union Forces—The Gallant Stand made by the Second Squadron of the Fifteenth—Gen. Sigel Superseded by Gen. Hunter—Another Advance Ordered—Capt. Auer Taken Prisoner—The Battle of Piedmont—The Enemy Routed—The Affair at Waynesboro—The Fifteenth Hold in Check a Large Force of the Enemy—Complimented by Gen. Duffie—The Battle of Lynchburg—Disastrous Retreat of Our Forces—A Skirmish at Salem—Hardships and Privations—Arrival at Parkersburg.

O return to the operations of the main army. On the 9th of May another forward movement was made and the army went into camp the first night on the banks of Cedar Creek. Companies A, C, and D, were detailed for picket duty at Front Royal.

May 11th.—Resuming the march, Woodstock was reached where the troops went into camp and remained there several days. The weather was very disagreeable, and to make matters worse rations and forage were scarce.

May 12th.—A detail of the 15th was sent out in the direction of Front Royal on a reconnoisance.

May 14th.—Capt. Auer with a detachment of the 15th left camp and proceeded in the direction of New Market. They soon became engaged with the

enemy's pickets, but not wishing to bring on a general engagement they returned to camp.

On the morning of the 15th boots and saddles was sounded at an early hour, and the army moved out with drums beating and flags flying. The advance guard soon came upon the enemy's pickets who slowly retired disclosing to view a large force of rebels. The troops were quickly formed in line, artillery was brought up, and the battle of New Market opened. The contest raged furiously nearly all day, neither side gaining any decided advantage, when for some unaccountable reason our forces were obliged to retreat with a loss of nearly 1,000 in killed, wounded and missing.

The second squadron of the 15th made a gallant stand at Rude's Hill during the retreat, but being overpowered were forced to give way. They made for the bridge crossing the river amid a perfect shower of shot and shell. No sooner had the last man crossed over the structure than the engineers applied the torch to prevent further pursuit. The 15th lost in wounded and missing 21.

The retreat was kept up all night, the 15th acting as rear guard, until Strasburg was reached, where the weary troops halted and went into camp.

Gen. Sigel was soon afterward relieved and Gen. Hunter took command. He found the army somewhat demoralized from their recent defeat and sadly deficient in shoes and arms. He immediately proceeded to reorganize his forces for another forward

movement. Reinforcements were constantly arriving and soon he had an army of from 12,000 to 15,000 men. The weather at this time was beautiful, and the men soon regained their wonted cheerfulness and were ready and eager to try conclusions with the foe again. Rations were very scarce and foraging parties were sent out in every direction to scour the country, but they invariably returned empty handed, as the ground had been pretty well gone over by the two opposing armies.

May 19th.—A detail of thirty men from the 15th were sent to guard a wagon train to Martinsburg, and a detail sent to Front Royal on picket. While there Mosby's guerrillas swooped down on them on the 22d and succeeded in capturing Capt. Auer and carrying him off a prisoner, together with eleven men, principally from Co. D, and forty-five horses.

May 26th.—Another forward movement made by the army. Encamped for the night at Woodstock.

May 29th.—Arrived at Mt. Jackson at 2 P. M. Our Brigade acted as flankers to-day.

June 2d.—Left camp at an early hour, passing through New Market, the scene of our late disaster, and took the road to Harrisonburg, encamping at night near that place. We laid here until the morning of the 4th, when we crossed the river at Port Republic on pontoons. The bugler of Co. E drowned while fording the river. Captured part of a rebel wagon train and burned a woolen factory.

On the morning of June 5th the rebels, under

command of Gen. Jones, were encountered in force at a place called Piedmont, when a general engagement took place, which resulted in the complete rout of the enemy. Their loss was about 500 killed, (among whom was Gen. Jones), 1,500 wounded, about 1,000 taken prisoners, besides several pieces of artillery captured. Our loss was about 800 killed and wounded. It was a glorious victory and served in a measure to wipe out the disgrace of New Market.

June 6th.—The army moved out early in pursuit of the rebels, who continued to fall back as we advanced. Took possession of Staunton in the afternoon.

June 7th.—At 10 A. M. the 15th was sent off in the direction of Buffalo Gap, encountering the forces of Gen. Averill and Crook who had been operating in southwestern Virginia. Returned at night to Staunton and went into camp. Capt. Moschell and three of his men taken prisoners.

June 8th.—Troops engaged all day in destroying railroad property.

June 10th.—Boots and saddles rang out early, and the cavalry division, under command of Gen. Duffie, started off on a reconnoisance. Col. Richardson was ordered by Gen. Duffie to take his regiment and hasten with all possible speed to Waynesboro as if intending to go through the gap as the vanguard of an army, and at all hazards prevent the enemy from following up our army and attacking it in the rear, and if it became necessary to engage the enemy

even if he knew it to be a desperate and hopeless fight.

The regiment, numbering about 300 men, fell out of line and started at once on its mission. The surface of the country was rolling and we found heavy hills on our way. Several squads of the enemy were encountered on our march concealed behind barricades who kept up a lively fusilade on the advance guard, but they succeeded finally in clearing the route.

Arriving in front of the town we discovered the enemy. A force of about seventy-five men were thrown out on the skirmish line, dismounted, and their horses left behind with the main body of the regiment. The skirmish line occupied a ridge in plain view of the town and also the enemy, but the reserves could not be seen from the town nor by the enemy, being concealed behind a ridge. A sharp fusilade was kept up between the opposing forces for several hours, the enemy occasionally sending their compliments in solid shot. A number of the regiment had already been wounded and the officers begged the colonel to order a charge, he assuring them he would do so when the proper time arrived.

The situation was becoming exceedingly critical. The enemy outnumbered us six to one, and if they chose could have soon annihilated the little band confronting them, or compelled them to flee for their lives. But so long as the enemy made no move to advance the boys held their ground. Suddenly a

commotion was discovered in the enemy's camp, and it was seen that they were retreating through the gap in great haste, having learned that the main body of our army would soon be in their rear.

The object of the reconnaissance having been accomplished the regiment retreated and soon regained the main road, and after some seven or eight hours of constant marching rejoined the division encamped on the other side of the mountain. Although it was after midnight when the regiment reached camp Gen. Duffie was awakened and acquainted of our safe arrival and of the work performed. His joy knew no bounds, for he told the colonel he never expected to see the regiment again. He complimented the officers and men in glowing terms, and ever afterwards exhibited a marked partiality for the regiment.

Nineteen of the regiment were reported wounded and missing in this affray. Lieut. Ruliffson's horse was severely wounded in the jaw.

June 11th.—In the saddle all day and at night encamped on the banks of the river near Ty Mills. Sergeant Putney of Co. F killed by our own pickets.

June 12th.—Made another march of over twenty miles and encamped at a place called White's Gap for the night. Three men of the regiment were wounded during the day.

June 13th.—Gen. Hunter's forces occupied Lexington, at which place our division joined him.

June 14th.—Another hard day's march. The

weather being extremely hot, men and horses suffered intensely. Reached Buchanan late at night.

June 15th.—Forded the river at an early hour, ascended the mountain, and at midnight encamped on its highest summit, called Otter Peak. The scenery at daylight was magnificent.

June 16th.—Left camp early and after a fatiguing march under a broiling sun, encamped for the night about five miles beyond Liberty. Heavy firing heard in the direction of Lynchburg.

June 17th.—Resumed the march in the direction of Lynchburg. Nearing that place we encountered the rebels who seemed disposed to dispute our further progress, but we held our ground and concluded to stay there all night.

June 18th.—The battle of Lynchburg, Va., was fought. The Union forces were commanded by Gen. Hunter and the rebels by Gen. McCausland, who were strongly intrenched. Several assaults were made by our troops but they were repulsed in every instance. The enemy receiving heavy reinforcements during the day from Richmond our forces were obliged to retreat and they fell back to Liberty. The Union loss was about 1,000 in killed, wounded and missing. The rebel loss was much less, they being protected behind intrenchments. The 15th came in for their full share of glory, losing 32 in killed, wounded and missing. Our position was on the left of the line.

June 19th.—The retreat was kept up during the

day, the Fifteenth acting as rear guard. Finding escape down the valley cut off there was no alternative for the army but to make its way across the mountains and so on in the direction of Parkersburg. The men were in the saddle all day and all night, when about daylight a halt was called to allow the men and horses to obtain a little rest. Rations had now begun to grow scarce with no prospects of obtaining any more just then.

June 20th.—Still on the retreat with the 15th acting as rear guard to the wagon train. Another all night march.

June 21st.—Reached a place called Salem where a brief halt was made, but the rebels making things too lively the retreat was resumed, the rear guard continually skirmishing with the enemy. A few miles beyond Salem it became necessary to abandon eight pieces of artillery and also destroy a large quantity of ammunition. Another siege of it all night and on the morning of the 22d the command reached a place called Fincastle, which was found to be in possession of Major Hyde of the 15th who had gone on ahead with a squadron of cavalry.

June 23.—The different squadrons of the 15th having been separated for a few days past were at last reunited and passing through Fincastle, encamped for the night at Sweet Sulphur Springs.

June 24th.—Lay at this place all day unmolested and at 6 p. m. took up the line of march, traveling all night.

June 25th.—Arriving at Lewisburg, Gen. Hunter's forces divided. The infantry go to Martinsburg, Averill and Crook to Beverly, and Duffie's forces, in which the 15th are, go to Charleston.

June 26th.—At 5 p. m. boots and saddles sounded and the weary column was off again. A halt was called at midnight as human endurance was at its limit. Rations and forage, there were none to speak of. Roots and berries was the chief subsistence of the men.

June 27th.—Daylight found us in the saddle again plodding our weary way over the mountains. Half a day's rations of coffee and sugar were issued to the command, the first since June 14th.

June 28th.—After drawing two day's rations of hard tack the march was resumed at 6 A. M., and after traveling all day arrived in the vicinity of Gauley Bridge and went into camp.

June 29th.—No marching to-day. What few men and horses were left were completely played out. Nothing worthy of note transpired.

June 30th.—Broke camp, forded the river, and went into camp at a place called Loup Creek.

July 1st.—Off again, and at 2 p. m. reached the headwaters of navigation on the Kanawha river. What a relief, and what a shout went up, knowing for a certainty that we were out of the wilderness.

July 2d.—Broke camp at 6 A. M. and arrived at Charleston in the afternoon and lay here during the 3d. The dismounted men were sent off to the dis-

mounted camp. The men were gladdened by receiving their mail, the first they had received since leaving Staunton.

July 4th.—Independence Day but no celebration for us. Left Charleston for Parkersburg at 2 P. M., acting as an escort to the artillery. Traveled fifteen miles before we went into camp.

July 5th.—After a march of twenty-five miles today we encamped at Ripley Creek.

July 6th—Resumed the march and at sundown of July 7th reached Parkersburg where we were kept busy all night loading the horses on the cars for a run down the Baltimore & Ohio railroad.

CHAPTER VII.

Back to the Valley Again—Lieut. Shearer Murdered—Tracks Torn Up—Engagements at Martinsburg, Snicker's Gap, Berry's Ford, Ashby's Gap, Winchester and Charlestown—Scouting Through Maryland and up into Pennsylvania—The Inhabitants Treat The Men to Soft Bread and other Luxuries—Back Again to Virginia—Mosby's Guerrillas Committing Depredations—The Regiment Reduced to Seventy-Five Mounted Men—Sent to Cumberland, Md., to Recruit Up.

WHILE en route to Cumberland, Md., on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, (July 8th), Lieut. Shearer, of Co. B was brutally murdered by one of his own company. Arrived at Cumberland at daylight on July 9th and turned over the murderer to the Provost Marshal. The train then proceeded on its way, but on arriving at Cherry Run could go no farther as the tracks had been torn up by the rebels. The horses were unloaded and were found to be more dead than alive after their close confinement. After a brief rest boots and saddles was sounded at 10 p. m. and the regiment started off for an all night march. Passed through Hedgesville at daylight on the 10th and took the road leading to Martinsburg. The effective strength of the regiment at this time was 125 men.

On nearing Martinsburg Col. Richardson detailed Lieut. Hurd and a half dozen men to make a reconnoissance and discover whether the town was in possession of the rebels or not. Leaving the main road they managed by following up ravines and alongside of hedge fences to gain a point near the main street without being discovered. The squad immediately charged down the street and discovering a number of Johnnies skedaddling out of the houses pursued them and succeeded in capturing seven of them. The balance of the command having arrived, and learning that the rebels were encamped in force just west of the town, Colonel Richardson decided that discretion was the better part of valor and withdrew a few miles farther back, having obtained all the information necessary.

Early the next morning, July 11th, the command again advanced on Martinsburg and succeeded in scooping in a few more of the enemy. One of them was audacious enough to try conclusions with Lieut. Hurd, but the latter not wishing to die yet gave the rebel a dose that required the immediate aid of a surgeon and a few days later that of an undertaker. The lieutenant (who afterwards became a captain) in referring to this episode modestly avers that it was the only rebel he was positively sure of killing during the war. The command went into camp on a Mr. Faulkner's estate and remained there for several days doing picket duty and scouting. During the day Col. Richardson was placed under arrest by order

of Gen. Sullivan on a trivial charge, but Gen. Duffie learning of it speedily had him released by order of Gen. Hunter, and Gen. Sullivan himself sent to the rear.

July 14th.—The regiment moved to Bolivar Heights and on the 15th crossed the river at Harper's Ferry and went to Sandy Hook. Drew rations, crossed the river again at Berlin and went into camp at Hillsborough, Loudon county, Va.

July 16th.—The regiment acted as advance guard for a brigade of infantry during the day and night following, and at daylight on the morning of the 17th halted for a brief rest. At 10 A. M., the march was resumed. At Snicker's Gap we had a little skirmish with the Johnnies losing four men. As it was impossible to ford the river here the command fell back a short distance and bivouacked for the night.

July 18th.—Off in the direction of Ashby's Gap. As the column went through the Gap and down to the river the artillery was in the road, the 15th New York Cavalry on the right of the road marching platoon front, and the 20th Pennsylvania Cavalry was on the left of the road, marching in the same order. The column had nearly reached the ford when the rebels on the opposite side of the river opened up with grape and canister. The 20th Pennsylvania scattered like sheep and ran back up the hill, and did not show up again. The two advance companies of the 15th (F and H), were ordered to cross the road and take up a position that should have been held by

the runaways. In doing so several of Co. H's men were wounded, as was also Lieut. Phillips. They held the position until the next morning before they were recalled, only to find out that orders had been given the day before to an officer of the 20th Pennsylvania to relieve the 15th, but his excuse was that it was too hot down there for him. Lieut. Hurd, in the presence of Gen. Duffie and staff and the rest of the 20th Pennsylvania, called the said officer a "cowardly s—n of a b—h." Said officer was cashiered and dismissed from the service shortly afterwards. The total casualties of the 15th were sixteen men wounded and missing.

July 19th.—The command resumed its march and attempted to cross the river at Berry's Ford, but found it impossible on account of the vigorous opposition of the enemy. Acting Lieut. Hatch was wounded during the day. The regiment was out on picket all night.

July 20th.—Relieved from picket by the 21st New York Cavalry and fell back to Paris, where we encamped all night, and on the 21st moved to Snicker's Gap and so on to Winchester, which place we reached on the 22d. Ambulances were sent back to Berry's Ford under an escort of the 15th in command of Capt. A. O. Skiff to bring in the wounded in the affair of July 19th.

July 23d.—A small skirmish took place near Winchester, but the 15th being off on the right of the army took no active part in it.

On Sunday, July 24th, the rebel forces under Gen. Early moved down upon our army, composed of Gens. Crook and Averill's cavalry and a small force of infantry, and made a furious onslaught on our position. Our troops fought bravely, but being largely outnumbered were compelled to retreat with a loss of 1,200 killed, wounded and missing. The brave Col. Mulligan of the Union army was killed during the day. The retreat was kept up all night, the enemy closely pursuing us, the 15th having a lively skirmish with their advance guard on the outskirts of Martinsburg. The rebels giving us no rest, we continued to fall back until Williamsport was reached, where we snatched a few hours' rest and then resumed the retreat as far as Shepherdstown and halted for the night. Our casualties for the two days were 15 killed, wounded and missing.

July 27th.—Went from Shepherdstown to Pleasant Valley.

July 28th.—Moved again and went to the vicinity of Charlestown. From this time until August 2d the regiment was moving from one point to another, and at the date mentioned above found ourselves at Hagerstown, Md. From thence it moved to Clear Springs. At daylight on the morning of the 3d of August it proceeded to near Hancock, Md., where we remained until the 4th and then went back to Clear Springs. We lay there until the 6th when we saddled up and went to McConnellsburg. The men being without rations, the loyal citizens of the place

supplied them with soft bread and other luxuries. At 3 P. M. of the 7th we were off for Hancock again, reaching there after dark and going into camp. After a couple of days' rest another move was made in the direction of Harper's Ferry.

August 11th.—Reveille was sounded at 4 A. M., and the march was resumed. The tow-path of the canal was taken, and after a fatiguing march reached Harper's Ferry at sundown and went into camp near Halltown.

August 13th.—The regiment was again on the move. Its effective force consisted of seventy-five mounted men for duty under command of Lieut.-Col. Root and the following company officers: Capts. Hathaway and Skiff, and Lieuts. Maxwell and Cameron. Winchester was reached at night and on the morning of the 14th the command passed through Newtown and encamped between that place and Middletown. Mosby's guerrillas were committing depredations in that neighborhood, having captured and burned a wagon train a few days before near Berryville. On the morning of the 15th the march was resumed, the command arriving at Middletown at 3 P. M., from which point the 15th were ordered back to Berryville where it remained for several days.

August 18th.—Moved camp to Charlestown. Strict orders were issued to allow no one out of camp, as Mosby was raiding between there and Harper's Ferry destroying supply trains and gobbling up stragglers. We laid here until the 21st when we

broke camp and proceeded in the direction of Shepherdstown, having a slight skirmish with the enemy en route. Skirmishing was kept up the next day and we were forced to retrace our steps as the Johnnies were showing up in strong force. We reached Halltown and from there went to Point of Rocks. On the 24th and 25th the regiment was maneuvering from one point to another, but it had become so reduced in numbers that active operations on its part had to cease.

August 30th.—The few mounted men that remained and the dismounted men left camp and after several days' march arrived at Hagerstown, Md. Here we boarded the cars en route for Cumberland, Md., where we arrived on Saturday, Sept. 3d, 1864, and pitched camp.

Thus ended a long and tedious campaign which commenced on May 9th. The regiment had traveled in all over 3,000 miles and had been engaged in over twenty battles and skirmishes.

CHAPTER VIII.

In Camp at Cumberland—A Beautiful Location—An Occasional Drill—Receiving Horses—Execution of a Murderer—Political Excitement—The Men Discuss Their Favorites for President—Casting Their Votes—The Paymaster's Welcome Visit—The Fight at Green Springs Run—Death of Lieut. Hatch—Break Camp Again—Cold Weather—Distressing Accident—The Shenandoah Valley—The View from Maryland Heights.

THE men hardly knew how to act. They had been so long used to being called up at all hours of the night to start off on a march or a scout that they could scarcely realize that their marches and skirmishes were over for the present. Our camp was located just across the river from Cumberland on a knoll overlooking the place. The Baltimore & Ohio railroad ran alongside the camp. The location was a beautiful one. Cumberland was a village of about 6,000 or 7,000 inhabitants at that time and was a place of considerable importance during the war.

The men soon settled down to the usual routine of camp life which was varied occasionally by company or battalion drill on foot. Guards were stationed at the railroad bridge and on the road leading to town to pick up all stragglers from camp who were

without passes. Those who were so unfortunate as not to have one were confined in the guard house or were set to work picking up stones around the camp for a day or two as a mild form of punishment.

Great pride was taken in fixing up the tents and keeping the grounds clean, and everything was as comfortable as could be. Horses were continually arriving and were apportioned off to the different companies, and soon the regiment began to put on its old warlike appearance. Company commanders were kept busy in making out their ordnance and clothing rolls, which was not an easy task after their arduous campaign of the past summer. Good news was occasionally received from General Sheridan's forces, then operating in the valley, which served to keep the men in the best of spirits and eager to take a hand again in the fracas.

On September 30th the regiment was ordered out to witness the execution of Joseph Prevost, a member of the First New York Cavalry, which occurred on the outskirts of the town in the presence of a large crowd of soldiers and civilians. A detail of the Fifteenth acted as a guard from the jail to the place of execution. The condemned man bravely mounted the steps, the rope was adjusted, the trap sprung, when to the horror of the spectators the rope broke letting the man fall heavily to the ground. He appeared dazed at first but soon recovered and with the aid of assistants remounted the scaffold. The rope was again adjusted and he was launched into eterni-

ty. The troops were then marched back to their respective camps and dismissed.

Politics now began to engross the attention of the soldiers, as by a law of Congress the troops at the front, or those of age, were allowed to cast their votes the same as if they were at home, the only difference being that their ballots were put in an envelope, sealed up, and sent to some responsible person in their native place, designated by them, who took and saw it deposited in the ballot box on election day.

The claims of the various candidates for president (Lincoln and McClellan) were eloquently set forth by the champions of both parties, and many heated controversies indulged in. On the 13th of October some of the companies cast their votes and the others a few days later, but all in time enough for them to reach their destination and be deposited on election day.

On the 25th of October the paymaster made his welcome visit and commenced distributing the greenbacks. The veterans who had re-enlisted in the 15th received their first installment of the bounty promised them, if I recollect right, and in consequence had quite a snug little sum due them. The clerks at the express office in town were kept busy in writing receipts for money sent home by the married men to their families. The storekeepers also reaped a rich harvest in disposing of their wares. Pipes, tobacco, pens, paper and envelopes, needles, thread, etc., made up the sum total of the necessaries purchased, while

the "sweat board" had its admirers and many dollars changed hands.

On the same day that the paymaster made his appearance a detail of sixty-eight men from the regiment were sent to Green Spring Run, a station several miles east of Cumberland, to guard the B. & O. R. R. The force was under the command of acting Lieut. Hatch of Co. A. At 2 A. M. on the morning of November 1st, just a week after their arrival, while the men lay asleep in their tents, they were suddenly awakened from their slumbers by a terrific volley and the bullets came crashing through their frail habitations. A force of rebels had succeeded in surprising and capturing the pickets before they could give the alarm, then following up their success took the camp unawares. The men rallied as quickly as possible in the darkness and confusion and made a vigorous resistance, but the death of Lieut. Hatch deprived them of their leader and becoming disheartened were easily taken prisoners. The casualties were sixty-four killed, wounded and missing, only four managing to escape. The death of Lieut. Hatch cast a gloom over the regiment. His commission as a lieutenant was received a few days after the sad event.

But the enjoyments and comforts of camp life must come to an end sooner or later. The regiment having received its full complement of horses and part of their arms were ordered on the 16th of November to pack up and get ready for another move.

November 17th.—Left Cumberland at 4 A. M. in a drenching rain storm. The men were all in good spirits and were eager once more to take an active part in putting down the rebellion. We passed through Springfield during the afternoon and encamped for the night a few miles beyond. Resuming the march on the 18th, nightfall found us at a place called Bloomery, and on the 19th we reached Martinsburg once more, going into camp on a knoll just outside of the village. The weather by this time had become raw and chilly and the shelter tents with which we were provided afforded the men but scant protection from the wintry blasts, and in consequence they suffered severely.

November 22d.—Six companies under command of Major Hyde left for Winchester in charge of an immense wagon train, arriving at their destination in safety at 9 P. M.

November 24th.—The remaining six companies left Martinsburg at 10 A. M., and at night went into camp at Halltown. The next day they proceeded to Harper's Ferry, crossed the river and went into camp in Pleasant Valley, Md., where the rest of the regiment rejoined us.

While lying in camp here a distressing accident happened to Myron Ostrander, a member of Co. F. On returning to camp from picket duty on the morning of November 30th, and while in the act of dismounting, the hammer of his carbine got caught in some manner, causing the weapon to be discharged.

The bullet lodged in his right leg causing an ugly looking wound and necessitating amputation of the limb.

We remained in Pleasant Valley until December 3d when we moved camp to Charlestown, Va., and on the following day passed through Winchester and went into camp a few miles beyond.

To the lovers of nature, the Shenandoah Valley presents an ever varied scene of beauty. From the summit of Maryland heights the view is magnificent. In the distance one can see Martinsburg, Charlestown and Winchester ; beneath lies the historic town of Harper's Ferry, while the Potomac river, whose waters have been dyed crimson with the blood of brave men on both sides, can be traced for miles upon miles in the distance. To your left towers Loudon Heights dark and gloomy, while at its base flows the Shenandoah river. Standing on the shores of the Potomac at Point of Rocks on a moonlight night and looking up towards the valley, the scene is one of the most magnificent that one can imagine.

CHAPTER IX.

At Winchester—The Regiment Assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division—The Fight at Lacy Springs—Bitter Cold Weather—Hands and Feet Frozen—Christmas in Camp—Winter Quarters—Deserters Shot—Furloughs Given—Col. Richardson Resigns—General Sheridan Reviews the Cavalry—Snowball Fight—Sharpening Sabres—Orders Issued For a Forward Movement.

 N the fifth of December the regiment was reviewed by Gen. Chapman, and we were assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division, commanded by Gen. Geo. A. Custer. The brigade was composed of the 8th, 15th and 22d New York, 1st Vermont and 1st New Hampshire cavalry, regiments that had participated in many a hard fought battle, and was commanded by Brig. Gen. Wm. Wells.

The Third Cavalry division was reorganized in the spring of 1864, just before the Wilderness campaign. The second brigade consisted of the following regiments: 8th New York, 1st Vermont, portions of the 3d Indiana and 1st New Hampshire, under the command of Col. J. H. Chapman of the 3d Indiana. The division was under the command of Gen. Jas. H. Wilson. At the battle of Winchester (Sept. 19, 1864) Gen. Chapman (who had been pro-

moted) was wounded and left the command, only to return for a few days, when he was assigned to the command of Gen. Averill's division. At the time Gen. Chapman was wounded, Col. Wm. Wells, of the 1st Vermont, succeeded to the command of the Second Brigade, and remained its commander until the close of the war. In November, 1864, Gen. Wilson was retired and Gen. Custer took command of the division. In December the 15th and 22d New York joined the brigade. What became of the remnant of the 3d Indiana your historian has failed to find out.

The weather was very cold at this time, the snow being four inches deep on the level. Numerous sleigh rides were indulged in by the officers and men, all sorts of contrivances being invented to ride in. The pike offered a splendid place to try the speed of their horses.

On the 14th of December, Capt. B. N. Hurd, who was then in command of Co. G, was mustered out of the service, and shortly after left for home. By his bravery on many a well contested battle-field and by his gentlemanly deportment he had endeared himself to the members of his company, and in fact to the whole regiment, and they were loth to part with him.

December 19th.—Boots and saddles sounded before daylight and the division started off on a reconnoissance up the valley. Passing through Newtown, Middletown and Strasburg the command halt-

ed for the night at Woodstock. Resuming the march on the morning of the 20th they reached New Market and thence proceeded to Lacey Springs where the command halted for the night, the Second brigade encamping in a field on the right of the pike.

The morning of December 21st was anything but pleasant for the men and horses. It commenced raining during the night and towards morning it changed into a blinding snow storm. Boots and saddles sounded about 5 A. M. Not over five minutes had elapsed after the call was sounded, before the well known rebel yell was heard and the clatter of hoofs coming down the pike. The men of the 8th New York cavalry were in the act of mounting their horses when the Johnnies made their appearance. Their sudden onslaught threw them into momentary confusion, as well as the rest of the brigade, but quickly rallying, although it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe, they charged the enemy and succeeded in routing them with quite heavy loss. The casualties of the 15th were twenty-nine killed, wounded and missing. Lieut.-Col. Root had a narrow escape, a bullet grazing his forehead. The attacking force was Rosser's and Payne's brigades of cavalry.

An amusing incident occurred to a member of the regiment during the fracas. In the confusion the man got his poncho on wrong. A rebel rode up beside him and seized hold of it intending to pull him from his horse and take him prisoner, but the poncho

gave way and he managed to escape. He avers to this day that if it had been put on right he would surely have been captured.

The objects of the expedition having been accomplished the command retraced its steps to Woodstock, the enemy constantly harassing the rear guard. The weather became intensely cold, and before reaching Woodstock a large number of the men had their hands, ears and feet frozen. The march was resumed the next morning and our old camp near Winchester was once more occupied. The suffering endured on that raid will ever remain fresh in the memory of those who participated in it. The pickets were relieved every hour to prevent their freezing to death on their posts.

Christmas was a cold cheerless day. How the thoughts of the men turned to the loved ones at home gathered about the cheerful firesides and wishing that they too might be numbered among them. But it was not to be, and so they made the most of their cheerless surroundings. The only present the men received was a gill of whiskey to each man. Those not addicted to the use of it gave it away, sold it or threw it upon the ground, while those whose appetites craved for it had a high old time.

December 26th.—Gen. Torbert with the First and Second Divisions started off on a reconnoissance. Good news was received from Gen. Sherman's army.

December 28th.—The regiment moved camp about a mile and received orders to go into winter

quarters. The men immediately went to work constructing log huts for themselves and stables for the horses. Nearly every hut had a fireplace in it and bunks for the accommodation of four, which generally constituted the mess, and when finished were as cosy and comfortable as any one could wish for. The camp was named Camp Russell.

Nothing of importance occurred until January 6th, when the troops were ordered out to witness the shooting of two deserters belonging to the 3d New Jersey cavalry. The scene was one calculated to impress itself on every one present, but they richly deserved their fate as they were captured while trying to desert to the enemy.

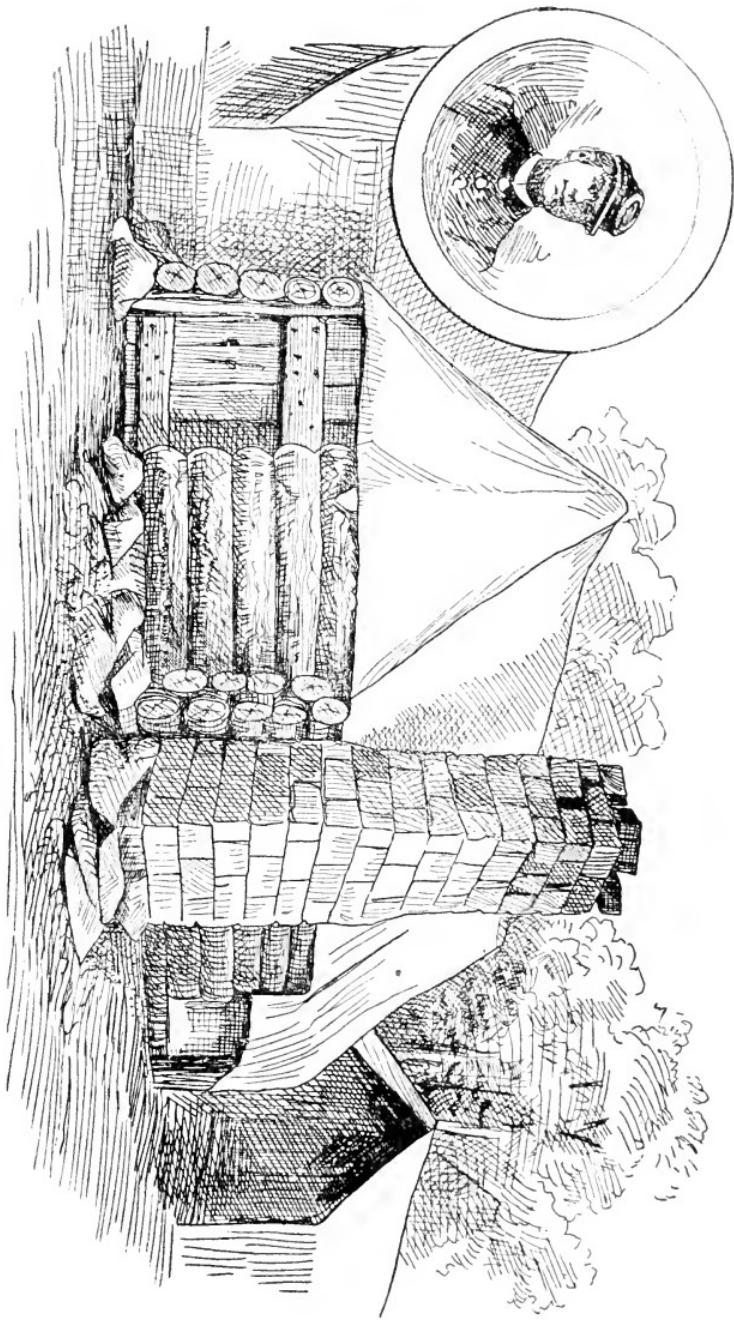
The weather continued cold, making picket duty anything but agreeable. Orders were received from headquarters allowing a limited number of furloughs to be granted in each regiment, and those who were so fortunate to obtain one availed themselves of the opportunity to visit home before active operations in the field commenced.

January 19th.—Col. Richardson resigns and Col. John J. Copperinger takes command.

February 1st.—All of the cavalry in the department of the Shenandoah were reviewed by Gen. P. H. Sheridan. About 10,000 participated, making a brilliant spectacle.

February 2d.—The 15th received Sharp's carbines, and were then fully armed and equipped.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.



February 17th.—The regiment had a snowball fight with the 8th New York cavalry, and the next day turned their attention to the 1st Vermont cavalry, driving them out of their camp and causing them to surrender.

On the 24th and 25th of February the regiment was busily engaged in sharpening their sabres, an indication that hostilities were to begin soon. Orders were also received to pack up and be ready for another move. Five days rations of pork and hard tack with ten of coffee and sugar were issued to each man and each horse was to carry thirty pounds of grain.

February 26th.—The Third Division was reviewed by Gen. Geo. A. Custer, and orders issued to brigade and regimental commanders for a forward movement the next day.

CHAPTER X.

The Great Raiding Column Moves—The Fight at Waynesboro—Tearing up Railroad Tracks—Skirmish at Ashland—Arrival at White House Landing—The Victory at Five Forks—The Johnnies on the Run—The Fight at Appomattox Station—The Fifteenth Captures Seventeen Pieces of Artillery—Death of Lieutenant-Colonel Root—The Surrender—Custer's Farewell Address.

 N the 27th day of February, 1865, the great raiding column was set in motion. The force consisted of two divisions of cavalry—Devin's and Custer's—and comprised a force of 9,484 men. Custer's division consisted of three brigades, commanded by Wells, Pennington and Capenhart. The weather was beautiful overhead, the men in good spirits at the prospect of sharp and decisive work before them under the leadership of the gallant Custer, and everything augured well for a short and brilliant campaign. The 22d New York was detached from our brigade and left to guard Winchester.

All day long the steady clatter of hoofs were heard as the column swept forward up the valley. Nothing of interest occurred during the day. Occasionally small squads of rebels were to be seen to the right or left, but they served to keep the men from

straggling and no notice was taken of them. Woodstock was reached and the troops halted for the night.

February 28th.—The march was resumed early. The weather had suddenly become stormy and disagreeable. While passing through New Market, men were detailed to cut the telegraph wires. Lacey Springs was reached for the end of the second day's march.

March 1st.—Arrived at Staunton after a hard day's march. The men raided quite a number of houses in search of eatables.

March 2d.—The Third Division had the advance to-day, for there was work to do, and Gen. Sheridan knew that Custer was the one to do it. Gen. Early was reported to be at Waynesboro, seventeen miles distant, eager for a fight. The weather was stormy and the road from Staunton to Waynesboro was knee deep with mud, the hard valley pike terminating at the former place. But this was no obstacle to the dashing Custer. Forward was the word. Waynesboro was reached, Early's forces found entrenched behind breastworks, dispositions quickly made to attack, and before he knew what had happened he was minus eleven guns, 1,600 prisoners and seventeen battle flags. The rout was complete, Gen. Early himself barely escaped being captured. The 15th with two other regiments were sent to operate on the flanks of the enemy and contributed materially in bringing about the glorious victory.

March 3d.—The 1st New Hampshire cavalry was

detached from our brigade and sent back to Winchester in charge of the prisoners captured, which left only the 8th and 15th New York and 1st Vermont. Left Waynesboro and arrived at Charlottesville at 11 P. M. in a drenching rain storm. Our forces capture a big wagon train from the rebels to-day.

March 4th.—Lay in camp all day. The regiment engaged in tearing up railroad tracks and cutting down telegraph wires and poles. We lay here until the 6th when the march was resumed. Strict orders were issued against straggling. A distance of twenty to twenty-five miles was traveled before a halt was called, and this too despite the incessant rain and mud. This was kept up until the 11th when the command halted to give the men and horses a chance to get a little much needed rest and to have a brigade inspection.

March 12th.—Resumed the march again, and on the 13th the Division was engaged in tearing up the tracks of the Virginia Central Railroad. Small squads of rebels were continually coming into our lines and giving themselves up.

March 14th.—Within seventeen miles of Richmond. Another rebel wagon train captured to-day.

March 15th.—Arrived at Ashland, Va., eight miles from Richmond, where we had a skirmish with a small force of the enemy, losing two men taken prisoners. We then crossed the South Anna river and burned the bridge. Nothing worthy of mention occurred during the next two days, and on the 18th White House

Landing was reached and the troops encamped for the night. Although the men were tired from their constant marching, they must indulge in the sport of tossing the contrabands up in their blankets.

March 19th.—Crossed the Pamunkey river and went into camp.

March 20th.—The regiment went to Cold Harbor, where they surprised a rebel picket post. The Johnnies ran for dear life, leaving their guns and equipments behind them. Returned to camp the next day in a rain storm. The command lay here for several days, receiving new horses, drawing rations and getting the horses shod.

March 24th.—Left camp and marched to Jones' Bridge, on the Chickahominy.

March 25th.—Went to within three miles of Harrison's Landing and encamped for the night. News received of the capture of 3,000 prisoners by our forces in front of Petersburg.

March 26th.—Cross the James river on pontoons.

March 27th.—Arrive at Hatcher's Run and go into camp, having crossed the Appomattox river. During the march to-day Petersburg could be seen off to the left. The enemy sent us their compliments in the shape of shells, which luckily passed over our heads, but they made some of the men change color.

March 28th.—The day passed without any event of importance. The men who had become dismounted on the raid rejoined the regiment.

March 29th.—Broke camp and continued the march, which was kept up all day and night.

March 30th.—The rain was pouring down in torrents and the roads were one sea of mud. At noon we again took up the line of march, but after proceeding a mile or two were halted and sent out on picket and the wagon train allowed to pass.

March 31st.—Another rainy day. The wagon trains still passing. Heavy firing heard in front. Had a slight skirmish with the enemy at Dinwiddie Court House.

April 1st.—This was a glorious day for the men of the Third Division, for to-day they proved once more their title as being the "fighting division." After being relieved from picket and the wagon train out of the way, the Second Brigade was ordered to the front, the 15th in the advance. The enemy, under command of Gen. Pickett, were found strongly entrenched at a place called Five Forks. His force consisted of infantry and cavalry. The brigade charged the works twice, but were repulsed both times. At this juncture Gen. Sheridan and staff rode on the field. His presence acted like a charm. Custer rode out in front of his men and gave the signal, and away they went with a rush and a yell to the lively strains of a band of music. They were met by a withering fire from the enemy, but nothing could check them, and over the breastworks they went and the victory was ours. Pickett's infantry was annihilated, and he was shorn of his command. His cav-

alry scattered in every direction. The 15th lost eight men killed, wounded and missing. Our troops encamped for the night in the abandoned works.

April 2d.—Broke camp at 6 A. M., Custer's division being in the advance, and marched in the direction of the South Side railroad. Had a slight skirmish with the enemy at Kepponeck creek. Camped for the night near Appomattox river.

April 3d.—The Second Brigade in the advance to-day. We overtook the rebels at Namozine and drove them over five miles, capturing several pieces of artillery and hundreds of prisoners, among whom were Gen. Barrenger and staff. We went into camp for the night at Amelia Court House. News was received that Petersburg and Richmond were taken, which caused great rejoicing in camp. The end was drawing near.

April 4th.—In the saddle early and after the fleeing enemy, who kept up a lively skirmish with our advance guard all day long. A brief halt was made in the afternoon, but at night were again on the move, and on the morning of the 5th arrived at Jetersville where we remained all day, being sent out on the skirmish line.

April 6th.—Part of the Third Division, including the 15th, were operating on the flanks of the enemy to-day, and therefore were not participants in the brilliant affair at Sailor's Creek, in which the rest of the division was engaged together with the Sixth Corps, and which resulted in the capture of

over 7,000 prisoners, thirty-seven battle flags, and a large number of guns. We encamped for the night near Deatonsville, passing over the battlefield during the day.

April 7th.—On the march all day in the direction of Lynchburg. It was a tedious march. Gen. Gregg of the Union Army captured to-day.

April 8th.—Got an early start and came up with the enemy at Appomattox Station. Our division charged and captured twenty-five pieces of artillery, a large wagon train, and four trains of cars laden with supplies, the 15th losing two men killed during the day. Our regiment covered itself with glory by capturing seventeen pieces of artillery, and being complimented later by the following order :

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,
THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION,

June 19th, 1865.

During the campaign of March and April, 1865, the Fifteenth New York Cavalry was present at the undermentioned engagements under command of Col. John J. Coppenger, viz :

On March 15th at Ashland.

On April 1st, Battle of Five Forks.

On April 2d, Battle of Kepponeck Creek.

On April 3d, Battle of Namozine Church.

On April 8th, Battle of Appomattox Station, (the regiment capturing seventeen guns.)

On April 9th, Battle of Appomattox Court House.

Signed,

GEORGE MATTHEWS,

A true copy :

Capt. and A. A. A. Gen.

D. C. SHANKS,

2d Lieut. 18th Inf., Post Adjutant.

But their rejoicing was turned into sorrow in the evening. Lieut.-Col. Augustus I. Root, than whom no braver man ever drew sword, while out on a reconnoissance towards the front, accompanied by several of his men, was shot down by the enemy in the streets of Appomattox in front of the Court House. His body was found the morning after the surrender, lying in the road where he fell, stripped of all outer garments. His remains were temporarily buried near by, and eventually taken up and forwarded to Syracuse, N. Y., where they now repose in that city's beautiful cemetery.

April 9th.—The cavalry corps moved out early. The 8th New York, which had the advance, were ordered out as skirmishers, and the balance of the division, with Gen. Custer leading and the 15th New York in the advance, charged to the front amid a shower of bullets. Suddenly making a detour, the division came up in the rear of the rebel army and were about charging them, when a flag of truce hove in sight. Gen. Custer sent the bearer of it to Gen. Grant, and while waiting for his return the skirmishers were driven in by the enemy. The 15th immediately made a charge and drove the Johnnies pell mell, inflicting a heavy loss on them. Again the flag of truce appeared when all tumult ceased and the announcement was made that Lee was about to surrender.

The news soon spread from regiment to regiment, and from thousands upon thousands of throats went

up cheer after cheer. The men danced, hurrahed and hugged each other in their delight, for they knew that their trials and privations as a soldier were nearing the end.

In concluding this chapter I find no more appropriate place than this to give Gen. Custer's farewell address to his division, issued on the day of the surrender.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION,

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA.,

April 9th, 1865.

SOLDIERS OF THE THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION :

With profound gratitude toward the God of battles, by whose blessings our enemies have been humbled and our arms rendered triumphant, your Commanding General avails himself of this, his first opportunity, to express to you his admiration of the heroic manner in which you have passed through the series of battles which to-day resulted in the surrender of the enemy's entire army.

The record established by your indomitable courage is unparalleled in the annals of war. Your prowess has won for you even the respect and admiration of your enemies. During the past six months, although in most instances confronted by superior numbers, you have captured from the enemy, in open battle, 111 pieces of field artillery, 65 battle-flags, and upwards of 10,000 prisoners of war, including 7 general officers. Within the past ten days, and included in the above, you have captured 46 pieces of field artillery, and 37 battle-flags. You have never lost a gun, never lost a color, and never have been defeated ; and notwithstanding the numerous engagements in which you have borne a prominent part, including those memorable battles of the Shenandoah, you have captured every piece of artillery which the enemy has dared to open on you. The near approach of peace renders it improba-



GENERAL GEO. A. CUSTER.

ble that you will again be called upon to undergo the fatigues of the toilsome march or the exposure of the battle-field; but should the assistance of keen blades, wielded by your sturdy arms, be required to hasten the coming of that glorious peace for which we have been so long contending, the General commanding is proudly confident that, in the future as in the past, every demand will meet with a hearty and willing response.

Let us hope that our work is done, and that, blessed with the comforts of peace, we may be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of home and friends. For our comrades who have fallen, let us ever cherish a grateful remembrance. To the wounded, and to those who languish in Southern prisons, let our heartfelt sympathy be tendered.

And now, speaking for myself alone, when the war is ended and the task of the historian begins—when those deeds of daring, which have rendered the name and fame of the Third Cavalry Division imperishable, are inscribed upon the bright pages of our country's history, I only ask that my name may be written as that of the Commander of the Third Cavalry Division.

G. A. CUSTER,

Official : Brevet Major-General Commanding.

L. W. BARNHART,

Capt. and A. A. A. Gen'l.

CHAPTER XI.

After the Surrender—Off for North Carolina—The Orders Countermanded—The March to Washington—In Camp at Bladensburg—The Grand Review—In Virginia Again—Consolidated With the Sixth New York Cavalry—Off for Louisville—Doing Patrol Duty—Mustered Out—En route Home—Paid off and Disbanded.

APRIL 10th.—No rest for the cavalry as we were wanted in various directions. Marched all day and arrived at Prospect where we encamp for the first night out.

April 11th.—Left camp and after a tedious ride all day encamped near Burkeville.

April 12th.—Reached Burkeville station during the day. Drew rations.

April 13th.—Went from Burkeville to Nottoway station. Good news continually being received of the surrender of other rebel detachments.

April 14th.—The artillery fire a salute in honor of the old flag being raised over Fort Sumter.

April 15th.—Still in camp but receive orders to move again.

April 16th.—Orders countermanded and we remain in camp. News received of the assassination of President Lincoln, which cast a gloom throughout the regiment.

April 17th.—Broke camp and resumed the march and the night of the 18th found us within two miles of Petersburg where we went into camp.

The command lay here for several days to allow the men and horses to get some needed rest. Passes were issued to those who wished to visit Petersburg, and quite a number of relics were gathered up and sent home by the men. Regimental inspection and drilling varied the monotony of camp life. Major Roselle was now in command of the regiment. The paymaster made us a visit and paid us off, the last payment being the October previous.

April 24th.—Boots and saddles sounded again and off we go in the direction of North Carolina to see about the rebels down there who were not disposed to surrender. Passing through Dinwiddie Court House during the day we go into camp about 10 p. m. after a march of about twenty-five miles. The weather very warm.

April 27th.—Crossed the Roanoke river. News received of the surrender of Gen. Johnston's army to Gen. Sherman.

April 28th.—There being no need of our services in that direction the column countermarched and proceeded in the direction of Petersburg again.

April 29th.—The column resumed its weary march after a night's rest. The weather had in the meantime become stormy which made traveling anything but pleasant, but the men were in good spirits as their faces were set northward. The daily routine

was kept up until May 3d when we again went into camp near Petersburg, remaining there for several days. The time was whiled away by the men by going in swimming, washing clothes, drilling and company inspection.

May 10th.—Forward again, this time in the direction of Washington. Passing through Manchester and Richmond we encamp for the night a few miles beyond. Very few white people were to be seen on the streets of Richmond while the troops were passing through, but there seemed to be no end to colored people, who welcomed us with hearty cheers and manifestations of pleasure.

May 11th.—A rainy day. Traveled all day behind a wagon train and of course made slow progress, and the command did not halt until one o'clock in the morning.

May 12th.—The march resumed. The men all in fine spirits at the prospect of soon being in Washington. Mrs. Custer rides along with the Third Division to-day.

May 15th.—Pass over the old Bull Run battlefield to-day. The scenes are familiar to many of the men, as the regiment is largely composed of veterans of the 12th and 32d New York Infantry who first smelt gunpowder on this historic spot nearly four years before.

In this connection it may be of interest to note that quite a number of the commissioned officers of

the commissioned officers of the regiment had seen service in the 3d New York Cavalry.

May 16th.—Passed through Fairfax Court House during the day, and at night encamped between Alexandria and Washington. The first gray streaks of dawn on the morning of the 17th revealed to us the dome of the capitol, and in the distance could be discerned old Camp Stoneman, where we first encamped when we came out in 1863.

May 21st.—Break camp and take up our line of march for Washington. Each man of the Third Division had been provided with a red neck tie, the colors worn by our commander, General Custer, and they made a showy appearance as they passed through the city, cheering for Sheridan and our gallant leader with the golden hair. The column halted at Bladensburg, Md., and went into camp.

May 22d.—The troops engaged in cleaning up and getting ready to participate in the grand review to occur the next day.

May 23d.—Left camp early and proceeded to Washington. As the Third Division was generally in advance in the field, so on this great occasion it was given the post of honor. Pennsylvania avenue was packed from one end to the other with a dense mass of humanity, and the troops received a perfect ovation at every step. After the division had passed the reviewing stand in front of the White House, it filed off to its old encampment, drawn up in line, and there took final leave of its beloved commander. The

scene was an affecting one, and one long to be remembered. That evening the men who had been left behind at the dismounted camp rejoined the regiment.

May 29th.—Left Bladensburg and passing through Washington crossed the Potomac and were in Virginia once more, going into camp near Cloud Mills.

The men went to work putting up tents and fixing up the camp in neat order. Whether our stay there was to be a long or short one mattered not ; they were going to take comfort while they did stay. Nearly every day some regiment would pack up and leave for home. "When will our turn come?" was the anxious inquiry. "What are they keeping us for?" All sorts of camp rumors were afloat. Some said we were to be sent to Texas ; others said we were going out on the plains. And so it went. Drilling was kept up as usual, but the weather becoming terribly hot, orders were issued to discontinue them. Going in swimming, picking berries and visiting around among the different regiments were the chief occupations of the men.

June 9th.—The 1st Vermont Cavalry, belonging to our brigade, leave for home.

June 14th.—Co. G detailed as guard at brigade headquarters.

June 20th.—Terrible thunder storm swept over the camps. Lightning struck a blacksmith's forge knocking down several horses and mules standing near.

June 23d.—The 15th and 6th New York Cavalry consolidated and called the "Second Regiment Provisional Cavalry." The field and staff officers of the regiment were as follows:

Colonel, Chas. L. Fitzhugh; Lieut.-Col., Harrison White; Majors, R. H. S. Hyde, Geo. W. Goler and Geo. E. Farmer; Adjutant, Morgan D. Lewis; Quartermaster, Riley E. Horton; Commissary, Orville D. Wilson; Surgeon, Augustus P. Clark; Assistant Surgeons, Milton A. Halstead and John C. Wall; Chaplain, Geo. D. Crocker.

The supernumerary officers were mustered out on the 27th and left for home, as did also a number of non-commissioned officers and privates from each company.

June 25th.—The 8th New York Cavalry, another regiment of our brigade, leave for home.

June 29th.—Orders received to pack up and be ready for a move. The first battalion leave camp.

June 30th.—The remainder of the regiment leave camp at 4 A. M., and proceed to Washington and board the cars on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. The weather was very hot, with a heavy thunder shower in the afternoon. Reached Martinsburg that evening.

July 1st.—Left Martinsburg at 6 A. M., and run as far as Grafton, which place we reached on the morning of the 2d. Side-tracked and lay here all day. The men raid several box cars for provisions. Left at dark and made an all night run.

July 3d.—Arrived at Parkersburg at daylight, unloaded the horses and pitched camp.

July 4th.—The citizens of Parkersburg provided us with a dinner in a grove. Their intentions no doubt were good enough, but provisions in sufficient quantities for a hungry crowd were sadly lacking. As it was the men made the most of it and gave them three rousing cheers.

July 5th.—Left camp at 8 A. M., proceeded to the landing at the river, went on board transports, and steamed down the Ohio.

July 6th.—Arrived at Cincinnati, made a stop of a couple of hours, and then proceeded on our journey.

July 7th.—Arrived at Jeffersonville, Ind., opposite Louisville, at 9 A. M. Disembarked and went into camp on the outskirts of the town. We lay here until the 21st of July, doing patrol duty between Jeffersonville and New Albany, when we crossed the river and encamped just on the outskirts of Louisville. The weather was extremely hot and thunderstorms were frequent. As a consequence there was a great deal of sickness among the men, principally fever and ague.

After the men had got comfortably settled down in their new quarters, foraging was the order of the day. Owners of cows pastured on the commons near by the camp often wondered no doubt why they never could get any milk. If they could have seen little squads of soldiers hurrying out about daylight with pails and cups, the mystery would have been solved

to their satisfaction. Other details would visit farms and gardens, and as a rule the daily bill of fare would consist of pork, cabbage and potatoes for dinner and bread and milk for supper.

Patrol duty was kept up in Louisville day and night. It was found necessary to do this as lawlessness was on the increase and it must be held in check until matters had somewhat quieted down. Theatres and other places of amusement were well patronized by the men.

July 25th.—Orders were received to commence work on the muster out rolls, which caused great rejoicing throughout the regiment.

August 1st.—Turned in the horses. Some of the men were visibly affected when they took final leave of the noble animals that had borne them through so many hardships and dangers.

August 8th.—Turned over arms and equipments. Some of the trusty old sabres were brought home by the men as relics.

August 9th.—Mustered out of the United States service after serving two years.

August 13th.—Bid good bye to Louisville. Break camp at 4. P. M., march to the landing and embark on board transports bound for home. As the boats swing out into the stream the boys make the welkin ring with their shouts, while the steam calliope on each steamer play the national airs.

An all night run brings us to the dock at Cincinnati at 8 A. M. on the 14th, where we disembark

and take the cars. Some delay occurred and it was 3 p. m. before the train pulled out from the station. The engineer of that train must have divined that we were anxious to get home for we sped along at a high rate of speed considering the length of the train, and on the morning of the 16th we were landed in Elmira all safe and sound. Disembarking we were marched to the barracks which were to be our quarters until we were paid off. Not liking the bill of fare furnished, a large number of the men procured board and lodging in the city. Paymaster Thurston commenced paying off on the 22d of August, and as fast as the men received the amount due them they bid good bye to their comrades and departed for their various homes, and by the 24th of August the 15th New York Cavalry (or Second Regiment Provisional Cavalry) had ceased to exist as an organization.

Comrades, my task is done. The lapse of a quarter of a century since we disbanded and the vast territory over which the survivors of the gallant old 15th are scattered, has made the work a somewhat difficult one, but I hope and trust you will pardon all omissions.

I am gratefully indebted to Col. Richardson, Capt. B. N. Hurd, A. O. Skiff and W. F. Weller, and Comrades Melville B. Apgar, Geo. W. Hunt, Samuel T. Haviland, and several others for valuable aid rendered.

The 15th New York Cavalry, while not claiming to have put down the rebellion alone, or of having

done any meritorious feat, yet do claim that whenever called upon for duty, no matter how hard or laborious, it always responded with alacrity and cheerfulness.

Their loss during their term of service was 37 men killed in battle and 131 by disease; 101 killed, wounded and taken prisoners 360.

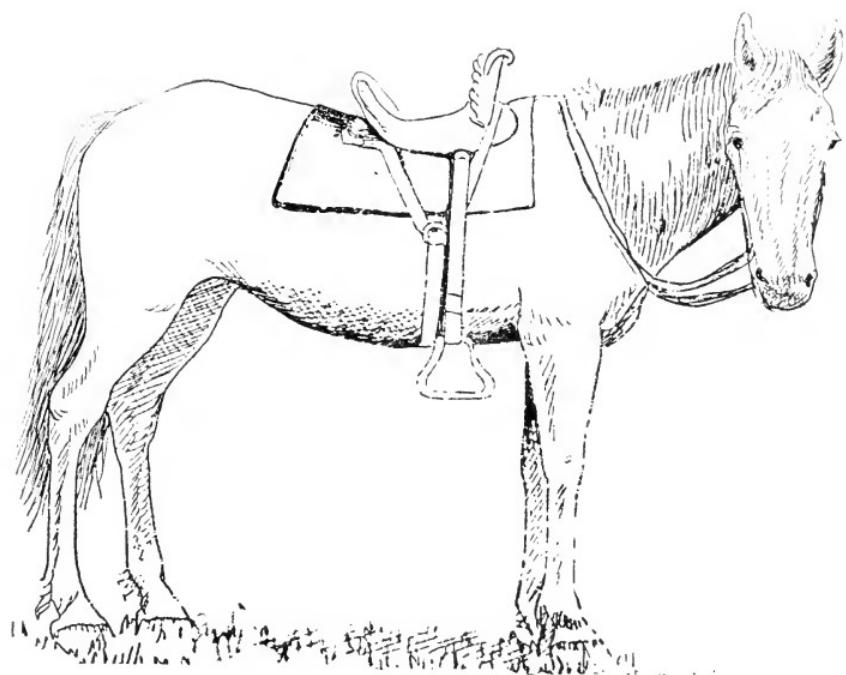
The mare, Fanny, a portrait of which will be found on page 89, was captured from the guerrilla command of John Mosby, who at the time was making a charge upon the advance guard of a Union supply train moving up the Shenandoah valley to join Gen. Hunter, who was just then preparing for the battle of Piedmont. The officer in charge of the Union advance was Lieut. J. M. Rulifson, 15th New York Cavalry. This officer makes no special claim to merit for the capture, although not only this notable animal but two other good sound horses fell into the hands of his command. His little band of twenty-two men were driven back upon the main guard of infantry, consisting of a battalion of one hundred days' men from Ohio, who under command of a veteran officer did excellent service making possible the capture.

Fanny is now (April, 1890), most comfortably housed on the farm of Capt. Wm. F. Weller, at Liverpool, N. Y., this officer having taken her home as a trophy of the war and kindly and tenderly cared for her since.

This noble animal, now thirty-three years old, has two fine colts, aged respectively twenty-one and twenty-three years, living on the same farm to cheer her old age. She also carries a bullet in her under jaw, received at the skirmish near Waynesboro, Va., while ridden by the officer in charge at the time of her capture.

The wound did not disable her, and she continued on Hunter's raid to Lynchburg and back to the camp at Cumberland, where she became the property of Capt. Weller, who rode her in all the subsequent battles and marches up to the time of Lee's surrender.

She is the only surviving animal of the regiment known, and was present at several of our re-unions.



FANNY.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM COMRADES.

THE LAST CHARGE MADE IN THE ARMY OF THE
POTOMAC ; THE LAST SHOT FIRED, AND THE
LAST UNION SOLDIER WOUNDED.

BY ALBERT O. SKIFF, CAPT. CO. A, 15TH N. Y. CAV.

Letting my thoughts wander back o'er the cruel days of bloody war, I find that the remembrance of the 8th of April, 1865, is still written upon the tablets of my memory in characters so vivid that it has failed to become erased by the years, which since that time having winged their flight into the past, and as such reminiscences always warms up and sends rushing through our veins the sluggish blood that has been lying dormant for over twenty-four years, once more it brings to mind the time when to our ears came daily the shrill notes of the bugle, the clanking of the sabre, the rumbling of the wagon trains, the stern words of command, and lastly the wild carnage of the battle-field. And as I have never seen it mentioned in any account written of Lee's surrender that a number of the Union troops found their way to

Appomattox Court House, on the eve of the above named day, I now put myself on the skirmish line for the purpose of describing the event which occurred at that time, I myself being a participant of the scene.

The sun had not yet descended beneath the limits of the western horizon when Sheridan's corps reached Appomattox Station. There meeting some resistance, a charge was made that soon dispersed the rebels, who were drawn up in line to protect the depot and also the wagon trains which extended from the station to the Court House, the distance being about two miles ; and while the 15th New York Cavalry were capturing that, the rest of the command were securing four immense railroad trains. Some of the teams had become so completely entangled as to form a barricade, and to avoid the confusion we were obliged to leave the road.

How vividly it all comes back to me now ! I remember I was riding beside Col. Root, and leaning forward in my saddle to move a top rail we leaped the fence side by side. Soon after our horses regained the road we charged past wagon after wagon, cannon after cannon, and mule team after mule team ; on towards Appomattox, little dreaming the fate in store for us.

Night had settled down wide and still. The sky above us was completely overcast by thickly flying clouds, through which now and then a few glimmering stars cast a pale and sickly radiance, causing the

darkness of earth to become denser and making more ghastly the grey gloom of heaven. Banishing from our minds all thoughts of fear and trepidation we madly galloped on and soon dashed into the streets of Appomattox. When we reached this place the party consisted of about a dozen troopers of the 15th New York Cavalry, among which number were Col. A. I. Root and myself. In the distance we could distinctly hear the heavy tramp of marching feet and the officers issuing their quick, decisive orders of command, which rang out sharp and shrill upon the chill evening air. Col. Root leading the onset, we charged immediately in front of the Court House; there receiving a volley of rebel bullets, we were instantly driven backward. In a moment all was confusion, and after exchanging several shots we were obliged to retreat. I was just at the point of turning about when a riderless horse sprang to my side. I grasped the reins of his bridle, and as my eyes fell upon the empty saddle I realized that another true and noble life had been sacrificed at the shrine of our suffering country, and the bullet which had pierced the brave and manly heart of our gallant colonel had secured to the cruel and relentless war another ghastly victim.

I shall never forget the scene through which we passed while making our retreat. The wagon train was completely enveloped in flames, and the boys turning themselves into teamsters, the leader of which was that gallant soldier, Sergeant Gibbs, hitched the

mules to the cannon and drew them rapidly to the rear. Leading Col. Root's horse back over the ground which his brave master had passed but a moment before, I gave him to Adjutant Mann, who was the Colonel's most intimate friend. When we informed him of our loss the tears rained down his cheeks in torrents and his manly frame shook with heartfelt sobs, for he realized, as did the rest of us, that we had lost a friend who was both brave and noble and of whom his country might well be proud. His body, stripped of all outer garments, was found in the streets the morning after the surrender, and was conveyed to the home of a staunch Confederate lady at her own request, her womanly heart being full of reverence and respect for the gallant man whose intrepidity cost him his life. She had the body interred in her own door yard and kept his grave covered with a profusion of beautiful flowers. A year later, when his remains were conveyed to the home of his early childhood her tears fell thick and fast, for she had learned to love the grave of the manly hero and had taken special pride in keeping as a sacred spot the final resting place of our daring Colonel. And as another mark of esteem and honor, attributed to his memory, a G. A. R. organization in Syracuse, N. Y., is called the "Root Post, No. 151" after the "bravest of the brave." Among other relics placed in their room is a fine painting of the colonel presented by Major Michael Auer of the 15th New York Cavalry, and in a prominent place may be seen

the well known saddle which carried Col. Root to his last charge, and who, after giving his life for his country's sake, sleeps peacefully among his thousands of brave comrades who fell while "fighting for home and native land."

The following extract, taken from the *Elmira Morning Telegram*, of March 1st, 1885, shows our position on the night of April 8th, also the exact place where Col. Root was killed. Major T. U. Williams, of Lynchburg, Va., who is now a leading lawyer of that place, who had charge of the rebel skirmish line at Lee's surrender, said :

"A Federal Colonel and half a dozen soldiers did a foolhardy act the evening before the surrender. They galloped through the town and immediately in front of Lee's headquarters. I saw their dead bodies the next morning lying by the roadside. It was supposed that they were intoxicated. I did know the Colonel's name but it has passed from my memory."

But the above narrative, written in reply to this correspondence, tends to infer that Major Williams was mistaken, and that he did the memory of a brave and gallant soldier a great injustice when he says that we were "intoxicated" and the act was "foolhardy," for we made that charge at the command of Gen. Custer, who expected it to be obeyed. Doing as all soldiers do, we went as far as we could.

But we overlook all this seeming injustice when we read the following manly explanation, written by

Major T. U. Williams, and appearing in the *Telegram* April 12th, 1885 :

"I have seen the letter of Capt. Albert O. Skiff in your paper of March 29th, in which he says I have done injustice to the memory of a brave and gallant soldier. In the information I gave your correspondent, whose letter was published March 1st, in reference to the persons whose dead bodies I saw lying in the street at Appomattox Court House, I meant only to say that a little after dark, the evening before the surrender, I saw the soldiers lying in the road, one of whom I was told was a colonel, and when my informants told me of the daring bravery of the men, we thought they were foolhardy and perhaps intoxicated. I hasten to say that I am glad to be corrected. Far be it from me to intentionally do injustice to the gallant men who fought on the other side. It was I who proposed to the *Telegram's* correspondent the toast—'To Grant and Lee; health for the living and respect for the dead.' And now in view of the critical health of living heroes, allow me to say I, with thousands of braver and better Southern men, repeat the sentiment—'To the health of the living and memory of the dead.' Please say to Capt. Skiff that I am sorry to have done the seeming injustice to his gallant friend, Col. Augustus I. Root.

Yours truly,

T. U. WILLIAMS.

We will now go back to the eve of the 8th of April, 1865, where I had given the colonel's horse

into the hands of Adjutant Mann, after which our regiment retired into a piece of woods near Appomattox Station to rest for the night. The light from the burning wagon train enabled me to find my supper, which consisted of two or three dozen warm wheat biscuit tied up in a pillow case and abandoned by some poor Johnny Reb in his haste to escape. Having satisfied my hunger, for wheat biscuits in those days were a rarity, I looked about me and seeing the moss-covered roots of a large tree standing near by I took my horse by the bridle and lying down slept soundly until the shrill notes of the bugle told us that another day had dawned and duty urged us onward.

Time can never erase from my memory the sensation of fear and dread which took possession of me as I mounted my horse that morning. In all my four years' experience I had known no feeling to equal this. Perhaps the sad fate of Colonel Root may have had something to do with it, but I felt as I rode out that morning that to me it was to prove an eventful day. All mortals are more or less superstitious, but the sensation which then stole over me I could not shake off. But as the stern command of our officers rang out on the morning air we knew that the movement was forward.

Gen. Sheridan moved his whole cavalry force over the fields south of Appomattox Court House early that morning, consequently what more I have to say will be confined to the doings of the Third Division

of cavalry commanded by Gen. Geo. A. Custer. His command came up where the colored troops were lying in line of battle, and a black line it was too. They opened ranks for us to pass by, crawling on their hands and knees, as a battery in our front was making it uncomfortable for them. Gen. Custer ordered Col. Markell of the 8th New York cavalry, who had the advance, to deploy his regiment as skirmishers, and then Gen. Custer and staff placed themselves at the head of the 15th New York Cavalry, commanded by Col. John J. Coppinger, the entire division following in column of fours, at a brisk trot, straight to the front. Shells were tearing up the ground all about us at the time and the tumult became deafening. Suddenly Gen. Custer obliqued to the right and dashed forward at a gallop, soon turning down a road into which we charged in column. Continuing down this road for a short distance we took to the fields again and came up in rear of the rebel army. We were just on the point of charging into the enemy when Col. Markell came dashing up to us with a bare headed rebel major, who carried in his hands a white towel. Instantly all tumult and confusion was hushed; there was not a shot to be heard, while cheer after cheer resounded all along the lines. The charge our cavalry was about to make was arrested and we stood awaiting orders.

It has always been my opinion, by what transpired at that time, that Gen. Custer took the rebel and flag of truce to his superior officer, as during the time

we were waiting he was not with his staff at the head of his division. But E. W. Whittaker, lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Connecticut Cavalry, then acting Assistant Inspector General of the Third Cavalry Division, in a letter written to the *New York Times*, makes the matter perfectly plain. He says:

"Upon receiving the flag of truce Custer instantly halted and turning to me by his side said: 'Go with this officer and say to Gen. Lee that I cannot stop this charge unless he announces an unconditional surrender.' On returning to Gen. Custer I learned that Confederate cavalry had been trying to charge through our lines on the right but had not succeeded."

When we saw the flag of truce, as above stated, we immediately came to a dead halt, and cheer answered cheer from one end of the line to the other. After remaining in this position about ten minutes the 8th New York Cavalry, who were still out as skirmishers, were driven back upon us. The 15th New York Cavalry instantly made a charge led by Col. Coppinger and a part of Custer's staff, your humble servant commanding the first squadron at the head of his regiment. Those of the enemy that escaped our fire went back, for our bullets flew a dozen to their one; but during the charge a rebel ball struck me on the right jaw, passed downward through my neck, emerging therefrom in the vicinity of my jugular vein and trachea. I immediately reined up my horse and turned him about. Just at that moment Gen. Custer dashed past me, and close behind

him came his bugler sounding the recall, and at a short distance the flag of truce again appeared in sight, probably carried by Col. Whittaker on his return from an interview with the enemy. I made at once to the rear and every step I took cheer upon cheer, arising from hundreds of thankful hearts, was all that could be heard. Not a single shot sounded along the line ; the wild tumult of cannon and shell, which had hitherto been the prominent feature of the day, had ceased, and only the thousands of voices which now rose clear and strong in one grand proclamation of joy, broke the stillness which suddenly reigned over friend and foe.

I write this as I saw it, and as others of the Third Division witnessed it, and if the brave boy general, or those of his gallant staff that led with Col. Coppinger at that time were alive to-day they could certify to the truth of my statement. But alas, the greater part of that brilliant staff went down to the grim gates of death with their gallant leader on the wild plains of a western prairie. A leader who could say to us in his farewell address : "You have within the last year captured one hundred and eleven pieces of field artillery, sixty-five battle-flags, ten thousand prisoners of war, including seven general officers, and never lost a gun or a color." Where among the heroes that the war produced, who had attained only to the age of twenty-six years, could you find a champion or an equal ?

If this should meet the eye of any of those who

made the last charge in the Army of the Potomac, and if I have in any particular misstated anything, I would be glad to be corrected. Col. Coppinger is at the present time doing active service somewhere on the frontier line, and Col. Markell, of the 8th New York Cavalry, is an honored man in the city of Rochester, N. Y.

Now while I do not assume the honor of putting down the whole rebellion, I do claim that I was the last Union soldier wounded in the Army of the Potomac.

A PROPHETIC DREAM.

Comrade James A. Hines, of Co. H, gives the following version of a dream he had the night previous to the skirmish at Lacey Springs, and how true it was verified the next morning :

After I fell asleep I dreamt that we were suddenly attacked by the enemy ; that our regiment were all dismounted ; that they tried to mount their horses, some of whom were saddled and some not ; general confusion followed, in which I lost my horse. I ran, and in my flight came across a wagon train, and some one called me by name. I went to him and found him to be the regimental surgeon hiding under the wagons, and he told me to stay with him and I would be all right. Soon after the train was surrounded by the enemy and one who appeared to be in command said : "Go on, boys, and give them

Yankees h—ll; these are ours." "They left the train and I also left. I had gone but a short distance when I heard this command : "Rally for the hollow, 8th." I went to the hollow. A man rode up to me and asked me what regiment I belonged to. I told him. "Surrender, you d—d Yankee son of a b—h." I asked him what command he belonged to, and he said the 8th Virginia. He stripped me of my watch, gloves and boots and then turned me over to another man. An officer rode up and ordered him to take me to a piece of woods on the right. While going I saw a line of troops moving out from the woods. The command halt was given, and my captor was asked what regiment he belonged to. He answered : "Twenty-Second New York Cavalry." The command was then given : "Don't shoot, for he is one of our men." I then awoke.

Now for the reality as I saw it the next morning :

I was awake before boots and saddles was sounded on the morning of the 21st of December, 1864. I was very chilly. I warmed myself and then went to work to get breakfast for myself and tent-mates—H. L. Warner, W. P. Straits and Sergt. West. After the meal was finished boots and saddles sounded and we saddled up. I asked Sergt. West if I had not better make some pancakes to eat during the day, and receiving an affirmative reply went to get the frying pan off of my saddle, when I heard a shot and the enemy's bugles sounded the charge. I sprang for my horse but in the confusion he got away and I

took leg bail. I made for our ambulance train hoping to get another horse. While en route I met Gen. Custer riding along through the lines giving his commands. I finally reached the train and was trying to get another horse, when our doctor asked me what I was doing. I told him. He told me to crawl under the ambulance. I did so. No sooner had I hid myself than the train was surrounded by rebels. One who appeared to be in command, said : "Boys, this train is ours ; now go and give the Yankees h—ll." They all left and then I heard the command : "Rally for the hollow, 8th." I thought the 8th New York Cavalry was going to make a stand, so I went down there in hopes of gobbling some poor devil's horse. No sooner had I reached the hollow than up rode a rebel and asked me what regiment I belonged to. I told him. He said : "Surrender you Yankee son of a b—h." He took my watch, gloves and boots, when an officer rode up and told me to go with him. He turned me over to another man and told him to take me to a piece of woods which he pointed out to him, and we started. Just before reaching the woods a regiment moved out. The command halt was given.

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"Twenty-second New York Cavalry," my captor said.

"Don't shoot boys, he is one of our men."

"He lies," said I, "he has got me a prisoner."

Of course the Johnny was gobbled. It proved

to be the 1st Vermont Cavalry which charged down in the hollow and made the rebels get up and get. On my way back to my own regiment I fell in with Sergt. McAllen of my company. Proceeding along together we discovered Timothy Coughlin of the 15th pinned to the ground, his horse having been shot and falling on him. Having extricated him he was asked if he was hurt.

"No," was his answer, "but be jasus my carbine is broke."

Comrade Hines has a hard tack in his possession to-day that was issued to him on the 26th of February, 1865.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

Comrade Brill, of Co. H, had quite an experience at Lacey Springs. He had not been long in this country when he enlisted, having emigrated from Germany. The only English he could speak was "Son of a b—h." He managed to mount his horse on the morning of the scrimmage, but in his haste he forgot his sabre. During the melee a rebel rode up to him and demanded his surrender. Brill replied, "Son of a b—h." For this he was whacked over the head with a sabre in the hands of the rebel. Brill succeeded in wresting the sabre from him and knocked him senseless from his horse and took him prisoner to headquarters. The Johnny proved to be a rebel major who afterwards told Gen. Custer that Brill was

too brave a man to remain in the ranks. After reaching Winchester Gen. Sheridan sent for Brill, and it was rumored he was sent to West Point on Sheridan's recommendation.

A BRAVE SERGEANT.

Sergeant Eli Conklin, of Co. G, who was captured at the battle of Lost River Gap, Va., May 10th, 1864, tells a rather interesting story of his early acquaintance with the "gray coats." During the fight his horse became exhausted and Captain Hurd ordered him to shoot the animal and take to the woods to avoid being captured. The horse was shot but his escape was not so easily effected, and the sergeant soon found himself a prisoner. He had just obtained before starting out on the reconnoissance a new pair of high topped cavalry boots which were much coveted by his newly made "friends," and their desire for possession was promptly made known. The blue coated, high booted and high spirited prisoner informed the rebel General Imboden that the first man who took those boots would have to pull them from his dead body, and he also volunteered to whip any man in the general's army who thought he could capture those boots. However the interview impressed the officer and the boots were not molested, but the rebels robbed him of his coat and other valuables. He wore the boots for two or three weeks

and then traded them off to a Confederate for a pair of good shoes and \$40 of southern money as a bonus.

While on his way to prison the train on which he was ran into a deep cut at Danville, Va., and stopped. Rebel hospitals were located in a field near the railroad, and soon quite a crowd gathered on the banks above to look at the Yanks and chaff them. Sergeant Conklin was sitting on top of one of the box cars on which the officer in command of the train was riding, and had taken no part in the conversation. Suddenly he looked up into the officer's face and said :

"Cap, let me go up to that fellow," meaning one who seemed to be the bully amongst the crowd.

"All right, go ahead," said the officer.

Down went Conklin off the car and up the bank he went like a cat, and as he reached the top he sprang clear off his feet and let the fire eater have it between the eyes. The rebel turned a double back somersault, and when he arose to his feet he made off at a 2:40 gait, amid the jeers of the crowd.

Sergeant Conklin's honesty is shown by the following transaction : The boots he had on when captured he purchased of a member of his company who had received a box of them from home. The sergeant agreed to pay for them at the next pay day, the price being \$8. That was the last seen of the sergeant until after the regiment was discharged, when one day in walked the sergeant into the office where the man was employed who sold him the boots, and

handed him the money for them. The man tried to convince him that the debt was cancelled, but he would not hear to it and insisted on his taking the money.

LACEY SPRINGS.

The following account of the skirmish at Lacey Springs, Va., is kindly furnished by Capt. William F. Weller :

One among the many most vivid and distinct recollections of stirring events occurred to the 15th New York Cavalry on the morning of December 21st, 1864, at a place called Lacey Springs, Va. The weather at the time was all that could be desired for stirring as well as exciting events. On this fateful morning at about 5 o'clock the regiment was called to horse amid one of the worst snow storms for that region, and under rather peculiar circumstances. Perhaps I ought to have stated how we came to be there and by whom commanded. If I recollect right the expedition was of the nature of a reconnoissance in force, consisting of Gen. Custer's division of cavalry and a battery of artillery, with orders discretionary, which generally meant finding the enemy as well as feeling of him. I always thought Gen. Custer had a weakness that way : that is, simply finding the enemy might satisfy belief, but feeling of him came nearer the naked truth.

Well, to return to the "stirring" event of the

expedition. The 15th then brigaded with the 1st Vermont and 8th New York Cavalry (the comrade should also have said the 22d New York and 1st New Hampshire) and constituting the Second Brigade of the Third Cavalry Division, encamped in a field on the right of the pike after a long march the day previous. The squadron, Cos. G and H, then under my command, picketed along a fence parallel with the pike and facing it. The 8th New York occupied a position along a fence at right angles with said pike and facing up the valley.

Just about two minutes after the bugle sounded "to horse" in the morning, and about 5 o'clock, the well known rebel yell sounded, interspersed with firing, cutting and slashing of sabres, coming down in the direction of the position held by the 8th New York, the result of which caused a momentary confusion in the last named regiment as they were in the act of mounting. It so happened that I had mounted my command a little more prompt than usual, and hearing the cyclone of horse coming down on us I at once brought carbines to an advance, but dare not command fire; had I done so our gallant comrades of the 8th would have suffered more than the enemy, as not a man could be recognized on account of the fast falling snow and the dense fog prevailing at the time. I at once gave orders to move to a more favorable locality. Whether the squadron moved by my orders or the more emphatic orders of the cyclone I never knew, but circumstances and the nerve and

sinew of the "white mare" soon found me on the pike passing a regiment of the enemy's cavalry at a halt and headed in the direction of New Market or down the valley. Upon reaching the head of this column, where some sharp skirmishing took place, my horse made some of her most energetic leaps, and upon closer examination found several horses and their riders *hors du combat* in the road and blocking the way. At the same time not a man could be recognized upon the closest inspection. I never placed much confidence in the theory of being born to luck, and even to the present time am inclined to think that the instinct of my horse led me to where the squadron had again partially reformed—not unlikely by the same horse instinct—on the opposite side of the pike, where I found Capt. Moschell who had also reformed all of the 15th that could be recognized, and many others that were not. Daylight, however, soon came and order was again restored. The enemy could be seen moving off in various directions towards the mountains.

The object of the expedition having been accomplished, we took up our line of march in the direction of Woodstock, not without frequent skirmishing in the rear with those who hurried us into the saddle in the early morning. The march of the regiment from Lacey Springs to Woodstock, I believe to have been one of the severest of its experience, necessitating the relieving of pickets every hour of the night.

In Memoriam.

The following is a sketch of the life of the late surgeon of the 15th New York Cavalry, George V. Skiff, who died while the history of the regiment was being compiled :

[From the Pike, (Wyoming Co.) Gazette.]

As briefly announced in last week's issue of the *Gazette*, Dr. Geo. V. Skiff died in New York City on the morning of January 28th, 1890. He was born at Pike, at that time in Alleghany county, March 11th, 1836, and was therefore in the 54th year of his age. Early in life he attended the district schools of his neighborhood, and was later a student at the Rushford Academy. At the age of nineteen he began teaching school, which business he followed for two years until he began the study of medicine under the instruction of Dr. Isaac Minard of this village.

He attended his first course of lectures at Ann Arbor, Mich., afterwards receiving his degree from the University of the city of New York. He first located at Perry, N. Y., but in a short time removed to Wiscoy. He remained at Wiscoy until 1862 when he went to the war, bearing a commission as assistant

surgeon of the 12th New York Infantry. With this regiment his service was chiefly before Fredericksburg under Generals Hooker and Burnside. Upon the expiration of the two years' term of enlistment of this regiment, he, with others of the officers, went to Syracuse and organized the 15th New York Cavalry, of which he was commissioned surgeon. This regiment was assigned to the Third Cavalry Division, then under command of Gen. Custer. His service with the 15th Cavalry was in the Shenandoah Valley under Genls. Sigel, Hunter and Sheridan. At the close of the war he was division surgeon of the Third Division of Cavalry on the staff of Gen. Wells.

The regiment was mustered out of service in August, 1865. After a brief rest at home he went to New York City and established himself in the practice of his profession, remaining there until his death.

Dr. Skiff's well earned popularity as an army surgeon had preceded him, and immediately after opening an office in the city he became associated with the leading physicians and surgeons. He was placed in charge of the Eastern Dispensary, one of the large medical charities of the metropolis. He held this position to the entire satisfaction of the city until his increasing private practice necessitated his resignation of it. His acknowledged success won him many patrons both within and beyond the limits of the city.

He was an active and useful member of the leading medical societies of New York, and of various

social organizations in the part of the city where he resided. He was also prominent in the Grand Army of the Republic and in several other secret societies.

Dr. Skiff was noted for his devotion to his profession and its duties, and for his earnest, patient attention to those who committed themselves to his care. He was always a close student, and believed that the experience and studies of each day should prepare him for a more intelligent and successful performance of the duties of the morrow. Socially he was genial and attractive, and was always a welcome guest in the best families in any community where he lived. Religiously, he made a profession of faith in Jesus Christ in early life. Remembering this early choice of the Lord he sought to be faithful in this highest vocation, as in all his other duties. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."

The funeral services were held Thursday afternoon, January 30th, 1890, at the residence of his father, M. P. Skiff, conducted by the Rev. H. T. Chadsey, assisted by Rev. S. Hough. The interment was at the beautiful cemetery at East Koy.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

COMRADE HAVILAND'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM HANGING—HIS CONFINEMENT AT ANDERSONVILLE AND OTHER PLACES, AND HIS ESCAPE.

Some time the latter part of May, 1864, while on detached service as scout at headquarters Army of the Shenandoah, myself and a comrade were ordered to go across the mountains from Mt. Jackson toward Orkney Springs and reconnoiter the country to find out if there was any force of the enemy in that direction. We did as directed, and while we were returning overtook a mail carrier with his sack of mail going to Harrisonburg. We rode along in company until we came to where his road turned off, and we then persuaded him to accompany us, as we told him, to Imboden's camp. We rode on until we were within about five miles of Mt. Jackson and had met with a guard to a forage train, when feeling perfectly safe we stopped at a house for dinner, hitching our horses in the yard.

Our host took his own time about preparing dinner and while we were waiting a squad of our own men stopped for water and would have taken us all

prisoners, but they knew my comrade to be one of the scouts, as he wore his hair very long, curling down his back in natural ringlets. Poor fellow, it cost him his life. When they were carrying us through Richmond he was recognized as one of Averill's scouts that burned the bridges near Salem on Averill's celebrated raid, and he was hung. As we were sitting at the table eating, our prisoner, who sat facing the door, jumped to his feet and ran out, shouting "take them ; they are Yanks." We jumped up and drew our revolvers, and as we cleared the door commenced shooting and jumped on our horses. By that time they were all around us with their pistols and carbines at our heads, and as there appeared no other way, we made the best of a bad bargain and surrendered.

The old fellow we had as prisoner became perfectly wild and demanded a pistol to shoot us with, but they told him to keep cool and they would show him a trick worth two of that, and commenced to make preparations to swing us to a tree in the yard. Things began to look exceedingly squally, but about that time a lieutenant who was in command of the party, but had stopped back a distance for some purpose, put in an appearance and stopped their little matinee, but as he told me as we rode back to the mountains he did it merely that it might be done regularly and in order, which was not at all encouraging to us. He said that every Jesse scout (the name by which Hunter's scouts were known) were pre-condemned

criminals. We both denied belonging to them. Well, he said, it made no difference ; that the United States war department had ordered that all rebels caught wearing the Union uniform should be hung, (a fact, as I had read the order myself a few days before) and that probably if they should hang a few Yanks for the same offence it might act as a restraint and cause them to refrain from putting the murderous order into execution ; all of which was very encouraging to us.

We rode on without meeting with any adventure, except a woman came out and drew a revolver and requested the lieutenant to let her practice on us. She was young and pretty, and I have always regretted that I did not go back after the war ended and get revenge on her by marrying her. But the officer believed in doing things regular, so he told her to put up her revolver and he would look to it that we were taken care of. He was a lieutenant in one of the Virginia regiments and was home on wounded furlough, (although the party he was in command of were guerrillas) and he believed in performing his duty according to the articles of war, and as we were dressed in grey he looked upon us as self-condemned.

Finally about dark we came to the house of a Captain Wm. Miller who was in charge of the Columbia iron works, and had under him about two or three hundred men. He and his brother, who had been crippled at Bull Run and was the sheriff of the county, tried our case, they sitting on the porch

while we sat on our horses in front of them surrounded by our guards. The sheriff and lieutenant were for hanging us at once, but the captain, backed by his wife and beautiful daughter, were for giving us time, and finally they all agreed to it.

We were then taken up on the side of the mountain. There each of us, tied by the wrist to a guard, lay down and slept till morning. We were then taken back to Capt. Miller's and turned over to him. He took us to his rendezvous, a strong stockade fort on top of the mountain, where we were put in a hut and a guard with drawn revolvers placed over us. For the first two days we had no intercourse with any one, but on the third day the captain held quite a long talk with us. He said if we had told the truth and were really members of the regiments that we claimed we were that he would turn us over as prisoners of war, but if not, (and he would be sure to find out) and that we belonged to the Jesse scouts he would surely hang us, and we knew he would keep his word as he was a very religious man and looked upon it as a duty, although a very unpleasant one. He also told us how he expected to find out. He said that his scouts would be almost certain to pick up some straggler from one of the regiments to which we said we belonged, and if the prisoner recognized us it would be evidence that we had told the truth. If he failed to do so it would be equally certain that we had lied, and according to his code that crime alone ought to be enough to condemn us.

It turned out as he had expected. On the evening of the fourth day we heard the leaves rustling down the mountain side and soon in walked the last man in the regiment I would have wished for them to capture, as I had not a particle of confidence in his discretion. You all knew him—Old Grif, horse farrier of Co. F, but he recognized me at once and said he saw my brother Ed the day before and that he told him about my having been reported missing, and never said a word about my having been a scout at all. They allowed us together about an hour, then the captain took him to another hut and questioned him very closely about me, which he repeated the next day, and then put us all together saying he was satisfied and would turn us over as prisoners of war. His brother then came up and spent most of his time with us, and his daughter sent us many books to read which helped very much to pass the time away pleasantly. The captain told us that he was very glad to have escaped the performance of a very disagreeable duty, and that he would parole us and send us back to the Potomac but that he was afraid the bushwhackers would murder us on the way back. I finally got him to promise that he would turn us over to regular troops instead of to Mosby or McNeil. He gave us his promise which he religiously kept, having to take us forty miles farther to do so. We remained with him ten days and then started on our journey for Richmond. We crossed the valley through Harrisonburg and Port Republic, and on top

of the mountain we met a Virginia regiment that our forces captured at Crampton Gap in 1862, when Capt. Miller turned us over to the Colonel, shook hands with us, and departed for his home. I have never seen him since but have received several letters from him. And here I wish to say that no more noble and generous man fought with either army—north or south.

We were awakened the next morning about daylight by quite a spirited argument in front of our quarters. It seems the colonel of the regiment that we had been turned over to had employed two natives to guard us on our way as far as Charlottesville and there turn us over to the Provost Guard, and as it was quite a long tramp they were anxious to get an early start so they could get back that night. The boys were getting our breakfast for us and the guards were unwilling to wait until it was ready and we had eaten it, hence the row, and of all the cursing you ever heard men get them mountaineers got it. And they were a hard looking couple too. Tall, long haired, gaunt looking specimens of bushwhackers, armed with navy revolvers which never left their hands ; they were about as undesirable looking specimens of a guard as any Yank would wish to have placed over him. Finally one of them says :

“Trot them out ; we ain’t going to wait a minute longer.”

“Well,” says the sergeant in charge of us, “go ahead with them you G—d d—n hogs, but if you

don't bring back a receipt for them signed by the Provost Marshal your d—d hicks won't hold water to-night."

At that he came to our quarters and told us he guessed we would have to go as the d—d hicks would not wait, and they were the only mounted men they could get to guard us. He said he was sorry he could not turn us over to gentlemen, but thought they did not raise any in that part of the country. We crawled out and off we started down the mountain, minus our breakfast, but as the boys had furnished us a good supper the night before we thought we could make the trip without suffering any inconvenience, but before we had gone two miles we heard a horse coming at full gallop and up rode one of our friends from the regiment with our breakfast in a basket.

"Now," he says, "d—n you, you will let them stop and eat it, won't you?"

"No, keep on."

That was all the reply he got, and it was all he got to the volley of oaths and vile names he poured out on them as long as he staid with us. He rode alongside of us and carried the basket until we had eaten all we wanted, done up the remainder in a paper and gave it to us, bade us good bye, and with a parting oath to the guard turned and rode back to his command. We had not gone very far after he left us when we came to quite a good sized stream, and as there was a log across it on one side of the

road, I being in the lead started for it, but "halt" and click; click, in rapid succession.

"Keep in the middle of the road."

You can just bet that I changed my course quite suddenly and *split that stream wide open*. Ugh, but it was cold, being fed from springs from the mountains and about waist deep. After that whenever we came to a stream I never looked to see if there was a log or not but kept the road. With the exception of that order I don't think our guards spoke a word either to us or among themselves until we arrived at Charlottesville. There we were turned over to the Provost Marshal and that night were placed on a train with a lot of other prisoners and started for Petersburg, but had not gone far when they started back in great haste and we soon learned that our cavalry were in front of us and had torn up the track. They then ran back to Charlottesville and put us in an old warehouse where they kept us four days. There were two long rooms and they were full of Yankees and rebel deserters and citizens who had been conscripted. The windows were boarded up but we could see out through the cracks. On the second day we heard a great commotion on the street and on looking out we saw regiment after regiment passing and after them came a long wagon train. I got permission to go to the well with a guard and fill a canteen, and while there I found out that the troops we had seen passing were part of Ewell's corps under Early, and that one division had been sent through

Brown's Gap to cut off Hunter in the rear, and the rest were en route to Lynchburg to take him in front. I then decided that it was my place to get to Hunter if it were possible, and that too without any unnecessary delay, so as I went back I took particular notice of the building we were confined in and discovered that there were several holes in the foundation. I waited until dark and then told some of the prisoners of my plan. I borrowed a knife, got them to sit around me on the floor to hide me, and I commenced cutting through the flooring. I soon had a hole twelve by eighteen inches made and was just getting through when I felt something cold touch my head, and looking up, there stood the officer of the guard with a cocked revolver at my head who with an oath invited me to come back. I came. I afterwards found out that one of the deserters had found out what we were up to and had went and reported it. If it had not been for him I would have got through and I believe would have reached Hunter's lines in safety in time to have reported the force in his rear and enabled him to have turned and crushed it before the balance of the corps could have reinforced them. As it was he had to retreat and after great hardships and loss reached the Ohio river.

We remained in Charlottesville three or four days longer and then started for New Canton, a small place on the canal some 35 or 40 miles distant. They had ordered out the home guards to see us through to Richmond, and a motley looking crowd they were.

The officers were uniformed in their old militia regiments—chapeaus, dress swords and epaulette—and all a great deal the worse for wear. Nothing of importance occurred until the second day as we halted for dinner. We heard a shot up at the head of the column and some of the guards allowed that some d—d Yank had tried to get away and had got his quietus, but soon the word came down the line that it was a horse of another color. One of the foot guards had stepped up to a mounted one to speak to him. He had his gun resting across his saddle and it went off killing the man on foot instantly. The home guards were all armed with double barreled shot-guns loaded with buck shot.

We reached New Canton that evening and were crowded into the hold of a canal boat and started for Richmond where we arrived on the third day and were placed in Castle Thunder in an upper room. We were then taken out in squads of fifty, marched to a lower room and searched and everything of value taken from us. They made us strip naked and the search was thorough. They found a good many things in the hair of some who wore it long. There was one place that they failed to examine, and there were a good many greenbacks that went through by placing them there, and that was the belt knots on the back of the cavalry jackets. The boys would rip them open, take out the cotton, then stuff them full of bills and sew them up. As fast as they searched us they would march us over to Libby prison and

there I got the first glimpse of what we had to go through. When they brought us our dinner it consisted of about two ounces of rotten bacon which no one could eat, and soup made of the water it was cooked in, and thickened with peas which had never been cleaned and were nearly half hulls and full of weevils floating on top. They also gave us a small piece of bread. Our delicate stomachs could not stand it, but good Lord how our mouths used to water for that rejected dinner afterwards. It was amusing to hear the boys mourn and wish they could have one *good dinner* like that, and they were in earnest too, but this was after they had been in Andersonville.

We only remained in Libby prison two days and nothing of any importance transpired. I was standing at the window one day looking out and all at once I heard the crack of a rifle and felt the wind of a bullet pass my head and saw where it went through the floor above. Some one had thrown out some water or spit out from the window above me, and the guard looking up saw me and acted accordingly. It was the rule at Libby prison to "kill the Yankees and investigate afterwards." All the time we remained in Richmond we could hear our guns booming away at Petersburg, and the guards would entertain us with stories of how they were whipping us every day, but we believed as much of that as we had a mind to.

On the morning of the third day of our stay in

Libby prison, they hustled us on to the cars for Andersonville. The only thing that occurred on the trip of any importance was the escape of one whole car load of Yanks. It happened in this way : The orderly sergeant of one of our companies (I think it was C), knocked the guard out of the door with his fist, and when the train came to a bad piece of road where they had to run slow they all lit out. We were then away down in Georgia and I think they were nearly all recaptured.

When we arrived at Andersonville we were marched to Wirz's quarters and he came out to count us. He was a villainous looking old Dutchman and carried a revolver in his hand while he was counting us. He was a long time about it and I got tired so I squatted down and as he came by he said "stand up G—d d—n you or I will blow your head off." I stood up. As they marched us over to the prison we passed under a gallows which had been recently erected. I don't know whether it was ever used or not, but think it was put up for a kind of scare crow to keep us from trying to get away. When the train stopped at Andersonville we met with an experience that sent the cold shivers running down my back. As soon as we got out we were surrounded by Yankees, some two or three hundred of them, and as they were outside of the prison we were anxious to know what they were doing outside. They said they were out on parole. We asked them what they were doing. They said they were digging graves to bury

dead Yankees in. We said for God's sake it don't take such a crowd to dig graves for those who die here does it. They said yes, and we have to work hard to, and we soon found out that what they had said was true. As soon as I got inside I commenced to hunt up my old comrades who had been captured before I was, and soon found Eli Conklin, Silas Schoonmaker and William H. Norton of my own Company (G). They received me with open arms, and as I had nothing stale except the clothes on my back they invited me to share their tent with them which I gladly accepted.

It was very hard work getting used to prison life. The water was horrible. All we had to drink came from the branch that passed through the camps of our guards and collected all of the filth from them and then ran through the prison for our use. At times it would have made very good soup, so thick was it with filth. Our quarters were pitched close to the branch and in consequence were very wet and muddy, so on the fourth day after my arrival when the orders were issued for the new arrivals to move into the new stockade we packed up and secured more desirable quarters.

After we had got settled in our new place I went one day over on the north side of the prison to see Charley Creque (one of the old 32d boys—Co. I) as I had been told he was over there somewhere. I found him without much trouble, and while we were talking I witnessed the beginning of what terminated in

quite a tragedy. There was a man sitting near us on a log with his clothes off killing the vermin that was on them (a common enough sight there). He had a watch and pocket-book lying beside him. Presently a big burly man came along and seeing them stooped and picked them up and started to walk off with them, when the owner of them said : "Put them down ; that is my property." The thief turned and struck him with a pair of brass knuckles knocking him down. Eight or ten more of the thief's pals happening to come along they jumped on the prostrate man and when they left him he was covered with blood from head to foot and his face was terribly cut and bruised. I said to Charley Creque : "What does this mean. Why don't the prisoners stop it. It is barbarous to let a gang of roughs rob and murder a man in such a manner."

He laughed and said they were called the raiders, and if they should hear you say that they would not leave a whole bone in your body. So I kept quiet, but as soon as they had left I went up to the poor man and told him to come with me. He obeyed, and we walked down to the gate and called for the officer of the guard. When he came I asked to see the quartermaster. (I don't know as that was his title, but that was what we all called him. He was a great big, burly fellow, and could out curse a ship load of sailors). He came in with a "What in h—ll do you want," and as soon as he saw the man all bloody and I had told him how he came to be in such

a fix, he ripped out a big oath and says: I'll fix them. Sergeant, bring in a dozen files of men with loaded guns and fixed bayonets." The men were soon ready and then he said : "Show me the _____. As soon as the prisoners found out they had the protection of the rebels they commenced to point out the raiders, and in less than an hour they had taken out over two hundred and had dug up about half a bushel of watches and I don't know how many green-backs that they had stolen from their fellow prisoners and buried under their tents. After they had picked out the worst of the gang and placed them under a strong guard they turned the balance back into prison. The prisoners formed two lines from the gate clear across the prison enclosure, and as they came in they had to run the gauntlet of sticks in the hands of the men they had been beating and plundering, and so well did they lay it on that two were killed and several badly crippled. The next day Wirz gave notice that the prisoners could form a court martial and try the raiders he had put under guard, and that they could use the enclosure in front of the south gate for a court room. What transpired from then on to the hanging of the six and the sentencing the balance to wear a ball and chain during the balance of their imprisonment is historical and not necessary to repeat. The man who stole the watch and pocket-book broke away from the guard when they were marching him to the scaffold and ran clear across the enclosure, but he was finally captured, led back and executed. The

condemned men had looked upon the whole proceedings as a huge joke and had no idea the prisoners would hang them, but when they saw the gallows with six ropes dangling from it they began to realize they meant business.

About a month after their execution, Wirz got nervous and was afraid that the thousands of skeletons he was guarding would make a break for liberty, so he put up poles with flags on marking a space about one hundred yards square from the gate back into the prison, and gave orders that no crowd would be allowed to collect inside this space, if they did he would open on them with canister. Now this space was occupied by the prisoners the same as the balance of the prison, and whenever the men all crawled out of their quarters and stood up the whole prison was a perfect jam of men. The first day after he put up the flags, when the wagons came in with the rations, the men all got out to draw their share and of course there was a crowd on the forbidden ground as there was in the balance of the prison, and the first thing we knew bang went a gun from the fort that overlooked the prison and a shell went whizzing over our heads. But they did not send any more. The yell that went up from thousands of throats decided him not to repeat it. At one time during a heavy rain the branch rose and washed away a portion of the stockade, but before the prisoners knew anything of it the guards had formed a line of battle in front of the break.

To give you an idea of the mortality of the prison I will mention an instance. There was a spot of ground in front of our tent where the rations were issued, and men who had no tent would come along and lie down there and stay until they died. We kept count of the number and it was something over thirty that died on that little spot of ground about eight feet square. There was an old man who belonged to the Pennsylvania Reserves who came into the prison with five other comrades, all young, stout, hearty boys, and they set up their shelter tents adjoining ours, and in less than six weeks the old man was alone ; the rest had all died. Oh, it is horrible to look back upon those days now, but we did not seem to realize it then. I have seen men walk deliberately across the dead line on purpose to be shot, and they always got their wish. There were a great many tunnels dug, but they all turned out so badly that our mess never took any hand in them. Whenever any one did succeed in getting out they were invariably brought back, as they would put blood-hounds on their track at once, and in their feeble condition it was next to impossible to escape. When taken back Wirz would keep them in the stocks in the broiling sun for days.

We remained at Andersonville until Sherman besieged Atlanta, when we were taken out and transported to Florence, S. C., where we remained until the latter part of February, 1865. While there our sufferings were increased. Rations were cut down to

a pint of corn meal a day for each man. Conklin had a good pair of boots which he traded off for a pair of brogans and got eight bushels of sweet potatoes to boot, and while they lasted we fared pretty well. At one time the rebels found out that there was a tunnel being dug somewhere but did not know the exact location of it, so they issued an order that there would be no more rations issued until they found it, and they kept their word and we got nothing for three days. Another cause of misery to us was counting us once a week to keep from issuing rations for any one who had died. Every Sunday they would move us across the prison to the south side and then count us as we marched back. We would have to stand around on the cold ground for hours at a time waiting our turn to be counted. All the clothing I had on was an old grey coat and a pair of ragged pants ; no shoes, hat or shirt. I tore the tails off from the coat and wrapped them around my feet and that was the only foot covering I had until I escaped.

The guards kept up their shooting of prisoners at Florence. I asked one for a chew of tobacco one day and he attempted to shoot me but his gun missed fire. They issued wood to us at this place. A day's ration was a stick about the size of stove wood. In the latter part of the fall of 1864 or the first of winter an order came to take out a lot of the worst sick and wounded, and that the sergeant of each hundred squad could go along as nurses and be ex-

changed, and as Conklin belonged to the latter class he was taken out and I was left alone so far as any of my company was concerned. I then had for my tentmate a little fellow by the name of Weeden who belonged to the 22d New York Cavalry, and a jolly good messmate he was. Some time during February there came an order to move us to Wilmington, and the time for our hundred to leave came about midnight, one cold freezing night. I awoke Jimmie and told him to get up and make ready. He said he was too sick, (we both had fever at this time). I begged of him to come, but he said no, you go on and try and escape, for we had both made up our minds if they ever moved us again we would make one bold effort for freedom. Seeing that all of my efforts were futile I pulled out and left him. I gave him all the covering we had, two old pieces of shelter tent, and that was the last I ever saw of him. I have since learned that Jimmie got out alive and was living in Texas lately. I had always supposed until then that he died at Florence.

They rushed us into Wilmington as fast as they could get trains to carry us until there were several thousands of us. We staid there about a week and all the time we could hear the guns of Gen. Schofield's army thundering away at Fort Anderson. One evening they hustled us on the train and started us for Salisbury, but as there were more than they could carry at once they stopped about twenty miles out and put us off in a clearing and put a guard around

us. Right here I decided to part company with Johnny Rebs. I confided my determination to a Michigan man who had not been a prisoner long and he said he would go with me, so we lay down close to the dead line and watched our chance. It being quite cold the guards had a small fire at the end of each beat. It was a starlight night with a few clouds but no moon, and I knew that the fire light would serve to blind the eyes of the guard to some extent. I told my Michigan friend to watch me and do just as I did. He said he would. I went first. I took a point about half way between two fires, and when the guards backs were both turned towards me I started on my hands and knees across the dead line. From there it was about ten feet to the guards beat and then freedom or a bullet; probably the latter, as I had heard the officer of the guard give the order that if any of us tried to escape to shoot us without halting.

I kept on and had got about twenty feet past the guard line when a train of cars came thundering along. I kept my eyes fixed on the guard and quickened my pace a little, or rather "crawl." About that time I heard twigs breaking and looking to my right there came Michigander on a dead run. Both guards heard it at the same time and started towards me. Michigander kept on and was soon out of sight and hearing. The guards came to within ten feet of me and stopped and listened, but as they could hear nothing they turned and went back to their posts,

but all the time they would keep looking out my way. I lay still for about half an hour and by that time the guards had got cold again and returned to their fires, so I started for a big pine tree I could see outlined against the sky, and when I reached it who should I find behind it but the Michigander. He was awful glad to see me, but I was in bad humor and blowed him up in "whispers," as we were less than fifty yards from our late captors. I told him I did not want him to go any farther with me as he would be sure to get us both captured, but for each to take a separate path. He begged so hard that I finally consented for us to stay together. I knew there was a wagon road to the north of us as I had heard teams passing before dark, but I had determined to avoid the roads and keep to the woods and swamps. So I singled out the north star for a guide and then started straight east, but had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when we came to a swamp. I plunged boldly in through mud, water and bamboo vines but had not gone far before I was up to my neck in water. Michigander came puffing and blowing along behind. I soon saw that we could make no progress that way, as the vines were so thick they had already torn my coat and pants in strings, so we backed out and decided to try the road until we got past the swamp. So we turned north and soon came to the road, then turned east and proceeded on our way, all the time keeping a sharp lookout and listening every minute for straggling rebels. But at last we entered a piece

of open pine woods only to discover a line of picket fires in front of us. They were about one hundred yards apart and extended both ways as far as we could see. We came to the conclusion it was established there to pick up stragglers from the army at Wilmington. We selected a point about half way between two of the fires and started in on hands and knees to pass the line, and after a very weary time of it succeeded without being discovered. We then kept on east for about a mile when we came to another swamp, but this one was more open and the water not so deep, so we waded in and at last came to Cape Fear river close to where the wagon road we had left crossed it. Here we found a pontoon bridge and a company of rebels guarding it, and as we were afraid they would not accept our pass we decided not to attempt to cross, and feeling very much exhausted we selected a hummock thickly covered with galeberry bushes, about fifty feet back from dry land, crawled into the bushes and went to sleep.

Next morning we could hear the guns much nearer than they were the day before so we decided that Gen. Terry's army was advancing and that Wilmington had fallen. Later in the day we heard some rebels talking and they confirmed our opinion. We remained here all day and night and the next day until about three o'clock when the firing was getting close enough so we could occasionally hear the sing of a Yankee bullet as they drove the rebels before them. We decided that as there would be

some desperate fighting at the bridge, and as we could be of no use there and did not want to be killed just then, even by a friendly bullet, we would go farther back and be out of harm's way. But we went almost too far. We passed back through the swamp and through the open pine woods until we came to another swamp. Just to our right was a cleared field with stock grazing in it. We decided that there must be a house near by and we would go to it and try at the negro cabins for something to eat. My fever kept getting worse all the time, and although we had eaten nothing since we escaped I was not very hungry but sick.

We started down along the edge of the swamp and just as we turned a point that ran out in the field we discovered eight or ten rebels about fifty yards from us. They discovered us about the same time we did them and gave chase at once. We dodged back behind the point of the swamp and lit out at as rapid a gait as possible until we came to a path that ran into the swamp. We dodged into it and as we did so I looked back and saw the rebels just coming around the point. We ran about twenty feet from the edge of the swamp and dropped down in the thick under-growth and held our breath. Soon in came the Johnnies on a run past us and so close we could have touched them with our hands. But they never saw us, although they had a dog with them. It surely was no hound or we would have been hunted out in short order. To make matters worse a battery came

along in a few minutes, unlimbered, and commenced shelling our men across the river. We expected every minute our men would reply, and in case of an artillery duel our position (not over fifty feet directly in rear of the rebel battery) was surely not a desirable one, especially as there was no chance for us to move, as the rebels who had discovered us at first had returned and were keeping up their search, which they continued until about nine or ten o'clock at night. I had a dreadful cough and would hold it back all I could. When I could hold it no longer I would stick my face down in the mud and smother the sound.

Finally we went to sleep and slept until midnight, when we were awakened by heavy firing which we at first thought was in the opposite direction from the bridge, but in the morning we decided that it was at the bridge as we could still hear an occasional shot from the same direction, and as we could not tell whether our men held the bridge or not we started to work our way over near the road so we could see if there were any of our men passing. We got out of the swamp at last and crawled into some bushes on a hillock in the pine woods and staid there until about 3 P. M., when I told Michigander I was not going to stay there any longer. I was getting very sick. My cough was so bad that I coughed every minute, and my fever was very high. Michigander said he would stay where he was as he would run no more risk of being captured. So I started on by myself. When I came to the swamp I noticed

that the long grass in the edge of it was all trampled down as was also the path through it. The grass all leaned one way, and that was towards me, and I knew it was not that way the day before, so I decided that the rebels had run out that way during the night. Feeling very much encouraged I kept on and soon came out where I could see across the river, and there proudly floating from a tall pole was the dear old flag and the whole country around covered with tents, and, God bless them, blue coats too.

I soon came in sight of the bridge and there I saw a "blue belly" marching up and down on guard. I started for the bridge and as I neared the sentry the sergeant of the guard came to meet me, and his first words were : "In the name of God what are you?" I was certainly a horrible looking object. I only weighed 114 pounds ; when I was captured I weighed 200 pounds. He took me to Gen. Terry's headquarters, which were just at the end of the bridge. Gen. Terry and his staff were sitting on the porch of the house. When they found out I was a Union soldier there was not a dry eye in the crowd, but all I could do was to laugh. You can imagine how I looked. Six foot one and one-half inches tall ; weighing only 114 pounds ; had not seen a piece of soap in nine months ; my coat and pants hanging in strings ; my feet and legs swollen and covered with sores ; hair long and matted and beard the same ; it was no wonder that I looked scarcely human. One of his aids took me in charge and turned me over to

a company of infantry that were encamped near by. They had just cooked up a lot of rations and I came very near killing myself by eating, but was stopped in time by the Orderly Sergeant. I told Gen. Terry where Michigander was and he sent out a detail and had him brought in that night, and next morning sent us in an ambulance to the hospital at Wilmington. When I got there they had to carry me in and that was the last I remembered for about ten days.

When I came to my senses I was in an old negro woman's cabin about a quarter of a mile from the hospital, and she was feeding me chicken broth with a spoon, telling me to eat it "honey" it will make you well. All I had on was a shirt and a pair of drawers and an army blanket around me. I had wandered away from the hospital. She said I came into her cabin and told her I was hungry. She saw I was sick and killed a chicken and made me some broth, and when she got it ready I did not have sense enough to eat it so she had to feed me. She sent out and got two soldiers to get an ambulance and I was carried back to the hospital, where I remained several days. In the meantime there had been an exchange of prisoners and the city was full of them, and I was finally sent to Annapolis, Md., with a boat load of them.

My brother Frank was stationed at the dock to count the men as they came off. I was carried off on a stretcher and he counted me in with the rest without recognizing me. The next day after I got there

I got one of the nurses to write to Conklin to come down and see me (he being as I supposed at parole camp near Annapolis). And sure enough he was, and he and another young fellow came down to see me the next day. After they left me they met my brother and told him where I was. He came right down to see me, and then I had the first news from home in nearly a year. All were well and I was happy.



THE REVEILLE.

By MISS AGNES C. ATWATER, Ithaca, N. Y.

Fall in ! fall in ! Old comrades come,
With noiseless step and silent drum ;
Our eyes across the long years see
When mem'ry sounds the reveille.

Across the mists of thirty years
We see the first young volunteers,
We hear the music of the band,
The sound of marching in the land.

And through the cheering crowd there slips
A tender thought of trembling lips ;
Of clasping hands and tear-wet eyes ;
Of hope-filled words and brave good byes.

But soldiers grew from raw recruits
Before the rebel's grim salutes ;
And through the battle's dust and smoke,
With fire and death our purpose spoke.

We learned the four years' lesson well,
The voice of bullet, shot and shell ;
The prison pang, the hunger vain,
The homesick longing worse than pain.

The roll-call's still increasing list,
Of comrades wounded, killed or missed ;
Yet on we marched and watched and fought,
Till slowly came the end we sought.

Fall in ! fall in ! Again we hear
Brave Custer's words of praise and cheer :
"No color lost, no missing gun,"
The Union saved, the victory won.

Now call the roll of quick and dead,
And listen with uncovered head ;
For still our comrades old we see,
When memory sounds the reveille.

DIED IN PRISON.

The following list of members of the Fifteenth New York Cavalry, who died in Andersonville prison, has been kindly furnished by G. E. Dolton, of St. Louis :

No. GRAVE.	NAME.	CO.	DATE DEATH.	DISEASE.
7,007	Alderman, F.	F	Aug. 27, '64	Diarrhoea
6,548	Answell, J.	A	Aug. 23, '64	Dysentery
5,802	Clemens, A.	F	Aug. 15, '64	Diarrhoea
6,404	Davidson, M.	M	Aug. 21, '64	Diarrhoea
8,588	Dighard, F.	A	Sept. 12, '64	Scorbutus
9,779	Ferguson, J. M.	G	Sept. 26, '64	Scorbutus
9,347	Graham, J.	L	Sept. 20, '64	Diarrhoea
6,114	Hore, R.	L	Aug. 19, '64	Diarrhoea
9,562	Hudson, S. R.	L	Sept. 23, '64	Scorbutus
11,781	Ivespeck, W.	E	Nov. 3, '64	Scorbutus
11,499	Lane, J. W.	M	Oct. 26, '64	Diarrhoea
9,864	McCardell, W.	H	Sept. 27, '64	Scorbutus
12,241	Nott, S. A.	E	Dec. 7, '64	Scorbutus
3,386	Parker, J.	F	July, 16, '64	Diarrhoea
1,542	Pellett, Ed.	I	June 1, '64	Diarrhoea
9,667	Shaw, T. I.	M	Sept. 24, '64	Diarrhoea
7,845	Sturdevant, G.	I	Sept. 4, '64	Diarrhoea
10,661	Sutliff, E.	M	Oct. 11, '64	Diarrhoea
7,915	Turden, E. S.	D	Sept. 5, '64	Diarrhoea
6,753	Tallette, D.	K	Aug. 24, '64	Dysentery
7,635	Van Buren, J.	B	Sept. 2, '64	Diarrhoea

NAMES AND DATES OF ENGAGEMENTS.

Upperville, Va.,	February, 20, 1864
Lost River Gap, Va.,	May 10, 1864
New Market, Va.,	May 14-15, 1864
Front Royal, Va.,	May 23, 1864
Newtown, Va.,	May 25, 1864
Piedmont, Va.,	June 5, 1864
Waynesboro, Va.,	June 10, 1864
Lynchburg, Va.,	June 17-18, 1864
Salem, Va.,	June 21, 1864
Martinsburg, Va.,	July 10, 1864
Snicker's Gap, Va.,	July 17, 1864
Ashby's Gap, Va.,	July 18, 1864
Berry's Ford, Va.,	July 19, 1864
Winchester, Va.,	July 23-24, 1864
Martinsburg, Va.,	July 25, 1864
Charlestown, Va.,	August 21-22, 1864
Green Springs Run, Va.,	November 1, 1864
Lacey Springs, Va.,	December 21, 1864
Waynesboro, Va.,	March 2, 1865
Ashland, Va.,	March 15, 1865
Dinwiddie, C. H., Va.,	March 30, 1865
Five Forks, Va.,	April 1, 1865
Kepponeck Creek, Va.,	April 2, 1865
Namozine Church, Va.,	April 3, 1865
Appomattox Station, Va.,	April 8, 1865
Appomattox, C. H., Va.,	April 9, 1865

PROMOTIONS.

NAME.	Date of commission	Date of rank.	Remarks.
Colonels:			
Robert M. Richardson.....	Feb. 4, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Resigned January 19, 1865.
John J. Copinger.....	Jan. 26, '65	Jan. 19, '65	Discharged by reason of consolidation, June 17, 1865.
Lieut.-Colonels:			
Augustus I. Root.....	Nov. 20, '63	Sept. 16, '63	Killed in action April 8, 1865.
Henry Roessle.....	May 10, '65	May —, '65	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Majors:			
Joseph H. Wood.....	Nov. 20, '63	Sept. 16, '63	Discharged April 14, 1865.
Henry Roessle.....	April 6, '65	April 6, '65	Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel May 10, 1865.
Jefferson C. Bigelow.....	May 10, '65	Mar. 8, '65	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Robert H. S. Hyde	Nov. 20, '63	Nov. 25, '63	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry, June 17, '65.
Michael Auer.....	Nov. 9, '64	Aug. 30, '64	Not mustered as Major.
George M. Ellicot	June 17, '65	June 9, '65	Not mustered as Major.
Adjutants:			
Sidney Tuttle.....	Nov. 20, '63	June 20, '63	Resigned May 22, 1864.
Frederick Mann.....	May 31, '64	May 22, '64	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Charles H. Lyon..... <i>(Brevet Capt. N. Y. V.)</i>	June 17, '65	June 7, '65	Not mustered as Adjutant.
Quartermaster:			
Edward R. Trull.....	Nov. 20, '63	June 12, '63	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Commissary:			
Cortland Clark.....	Feb. 4, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Surgeon:			
George V. Skiff.....	Nov. 20, '63	June 12, '63	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Assistant-Surgeons:			
John P. Robinson		Aug. 28, '63	Died Feb. 3, 1864, of disease.
John C. Wall.....	May 10, '64	May 3, '64	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, '65.
Milton A. Halstead	Feb. 4, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, '65.
Chaplain:			
Isaac O. Fillmore	May 18, '64	April 26, '64	Not mustered.
Captains:			
Michael Auer.....	Nov. 20, '63	July 24, '63	Discharged March 6, 1865.
John M. Rulifson	Nov. 9, '64	Aug. 30, '64	Mustered out on expiration of term of service June 17, '65.
Albert O. Skiff	Feb. 15, '65	Feb. 12, '65	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Thomas G. Putnam..	Nov. 20, '63	July, 30, '63	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Jefferson C. Bigelow.....	Nov. 20, '63	Aug. 30, '63	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
George N. Truesdale.....	June 17, '65	May 8, '65	Not mustered as Captain.

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION	DATE OF RANK.	REMARKS.
Orson R. Colgrove....	Nov. 20, '63	Aug. 26, '63	Mustered out on expiration of term of service Dec. 24, '64.
Fred'k J. Maxwell ...	Feb. 15, '65	Feb. 12, '65	Not mustered as Captain.
Charles G. Hampton...	April 11, '65	Feb. 13, '65	Not mustered as Captain.
George M. Ellicott....	Noy. 20, '63	Aug. 13, '63	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Leonard F. Hathaway	Nov. 20, '63	Aug. 26, '63	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, 1865.
Wallis M. Boyer.	Nov. 20, '63	Aug. 26, '63	Discharged September 14, '64.
Burritt N. Hurd.....	Nov. 9, '64	Sept. 7, '64	Mustered out on expiration of term of service Dec. 12, 1864.
Richmond Finch.....	Feb. 15, '65	Feb. 12, '65	Not mustered as Captain.
John F. Moshell..... <i>(Brevet Major N. Y. V.)</i>	Nov. 20, '63	Sept. 5, '63	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, 1865.
James C. Rennison...	Feb. 4, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
John S. Hicks	Nov. 20, '63	Oct. 5, '63	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, 1865.
William F. Weller...	June 17, '65	May 8, '65	Not mustered as Captain.
Marshall M. Loyden...	Feb. 4, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Died Oct. 5, 1864, of disease.
Morris J. McCornall...	Nov. 9, '64	Oct. 5, '64	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Seth J. Steve	Jan. 16, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
First Lieutenants:			
Joseph La Beff	Nov. 20, '63	July 24, '63	Discharged November 30, '63.
Albert O. Skiff	Dec. 29, '63	Dec. 26, '63	Promoted to Captain February 18, 1865.
Edgar F. Johnson....	Feb. 15, '65	Feb. 12, '65	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
William P. Snearer...	Nov. 20, '63	July 30, '63	Missing since October 30, '64.
Richmond Finch....	Sept. 16, '64	July 8, '64	Mustered out on expiration of term of service June 17, '65.
Silas S. Bigelow.....	Feb. 15, '65	Feb. 12, '65	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, 1865.
Ralph D. Short.....	Nov. 20, '63	Aug. 3, '63	Died January 20, 1865.
Robert Cameron, Jr...	Nov. 20, '63	Oct. 5, '63	Mustered out on expiration of term of service Dec. 17, 1864.
William Stanton....	Feb. 15, '65	Feb. 12, '65	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Frederick J. Maxwell	Nov. 20, '63	July 21, '63	Resigned February 13, 1865.
Paul Tarcott.....	Feb. 15, '65	Feb. 12, '65	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
William D. Pearne...	Nov. 20, '63	Aug. 18, '63	Dismissed March 9, 1865.
Edgar L. Miller	June 17, '65	Mar. 9, '65	Not mustered as First Lieutenant.
Henry S. Krum	Nov. 20, '63	Aug. 26, '63	Resigned November 30, 1863.
Burritt N. Hurd.....	Dec. 29, '63	Dec. 26, '63	Promoted to Captain November 9, 1864.
Seth B. Walworth....	Nov. 9, '64	Sept. 7, '64	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Joseph Herron	Nov. 20, '63	Sept. 5, '63	Discharged Dec. 28, 1863.
William F. Weller...	Dec. 29, '63	Dec. 26, '63	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, 1865.
G. N. Truesdale.....	Feb. 4, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Jerry Lester.....	Nov. 20, '63	Oct. 5, '63	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Morris J. McCornall	Feb. 4, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Promoted to Captain November 9, 1864.
Levi T. Sheldon.	Nov. 9, '64	Oct. 5, '64	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.

NAME.	Date of commission	Date of rank.	Remarks.
Charles H. Lyon	Jan. 16, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Second Lieutenants:			
John H. Phillips	Nov. 20, '63	July 24, '63	Discharged October 30, 1864.
Edgar N. Johnson	Nov. 9, '64	Nov. 9, '64	Promoted to First Lieutenant February 15, 1865.
Edward Pointer	Feb. 15, '65	Feb. 12, '65	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, 1865.
Oscar R. Colgrove	Nov. 20, '63	July 30, '63	Promoted to Captain November 30, 1863.
John M. Rulifson	Nov. 9, '63	Nov. 20, '63	Promoted to Capt. Nov. 9, '64.
Lorenzo W. Hatch	Nov. 9, '64	Oct. 14, '64	Not mustered; killed in action.
Orlando E. Dickinson	Nov. 9, '64	Nov. 1, '64	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Levi T. Sheldon	Nov. 20, '63	Aug. 3, '63	Promoted to First Lieutenant Nov. 9, 1864.
Silas S. Bigelow	Nov. 9, '64	Oct. 5, '64	Promoted to First Lieutenant February 15, 1865.
James Holahan	Feb. 15, '65	Feb. 12, '65	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, 1865.
Charles G. Hampton	Nov. 20, '63	Oct. 5, '63	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Hezekiah B. Ranney	Nov. 20, '63	Aug. 13, '63	Discharged January 5, 1864.
S. B. Walworth	Feb. 8, '64	Jan. 30, '64	Promoted to First Lieutenant November 9, 1864.
Edgar Miller	Nov. 9, '64	Oct. 14, '64	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, 1865.
J. Beman	June 17, '65	Mar. 9, '65	Not mustered.
William Whitlock	Nov. 20, '63	Aug. 26, '63	Resigned December 11, 1863.
Walter V. Banning	Dec. 29, '63	Dec. 26, '63	Not mustered; declined.
Roswell S. Heggie	Sept. 16, '64	July 8, '64	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
John S. Hicks	Nov. 20, '63	Aug. 26, '63	Promoted to Capt. Nov. 20, '63
William Stanton	Nov. 9, '64	Oct. 14, '64	Promoted to First Lieutenant February 15, 1865.
John W. Frazer	Mar. 25, '65	Mar. 25, '65	Discharged June 28, 1865.
Burritt N. Hurd	Nov. 20, '63	Sept. 5, '63	Promoted to First Lieutenant December 29, 1863.
Edson Griffis	Jan. 6, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Resigned January 7, 1865.
Henry A. Maynard	Jan. 26, '65	Jan. 18, '65	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Richmond Finch	Feb. 4, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Promoted to First Lieutenant September 16, 1864.
Paul Tarcott	Sept. 16, '64	July 8, '64	Promoted to First Lieutenant February 15, 1865.
John Gallagher	Feb. 15, '65	Feb. 12, '65	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, 1865.
Levi Kraft	Nov. 20, '63	Oct. 5, '63	Discharged December 11, '63.
Samuel Hunter	Jan. 6, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Died February 26, 1865.
Peter Boehm	Mar. 14, '65	Mar. 3, '65	Discharged by reason of consolidation June 17, 1865.
Dunean Campbell	Feb. 4, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, 1865.
Edward Fuller	Jan. 16, '64	Jan. 6, '64	Resigned December 17, 1864.
Heman H. Griswold	Aug. 26, '64	Aug. 26, '64	Not mustered; declined.
William Carpenter	Feb. 15, '65	Feb. 12, '65	Transferred to Second Provisional Cavalry June 17, 1865.
Anthony Dever*	Discharged May 24, 1864.
Emory Ormsby*	Discharged January 11, 1865.

*On records of War Department; not commissioned.

ORIGINAL MUSTER IN ROLL.

Through the kindness of Comrade Charles B. Sturdevant, of Co. I, the original muster in roll of the regiment is presented. It is a document that will bear careful perusal and will no doubt cause a smile on the faces of some of the members who belonged to one company and was mustered in another.

COMPANY A.

Michael Auer,	Captain,	Joseph LaBeff,	First Lieutenant,
John H. Philip,	Second Lieutenant		
Adel, Henry	Huntley, John	Morrison, Edward N.	
Albriz, Frederick	Howd, Wm. C.	Ostrander, Edwin.	
Barr, Frank	Huson, Joseph	Orr, Francis H.	
Baldwin, Amos B.	Houck, Jacob.	Pardee, John	
Barnes, Geo.	Hatch, Lorenzo W.	Phelps, Geo. E.	
Behim, Joseph.	Hallam, Wm.	Pointer, Edward	
Bennett, James	Harwood, Wilton	Rath, Geo.	
Bessey, Wellington	James, David F.	Rapp, Conrad	
Brown, James.	Jenks, Jos.	Richmond, Eugene	
Bucher, Peter	Kelling, Levi	Robinson, Geo. W.	
Burns, Milo.	Keys, John.	Richardson, Jas.	
Burnham, Parris W.	Laderick, Christian.	Rills, David	
Butter, Nicholas.	Lawton, Pyrlus H.	Scull, Richard.	
Cain, Lewis.	Leshure, Chas.	Sidel, Frederick.	
Carney, Anthony	Lebender, Thos.	Schuert, Frederick.	
Carden, Patrick.	Lewis, Wayland	Selwood, Chas.	
Cornell, Alonzo	Lewis, Eli	Szotthefer, John	
Corney, Jeremiah.	Magee, Oscar.	Smith, Geo.	
Clune, John	Martin, John.	Spaulding, John.	
Delaney, Daniel.	Marchise, Jos. E.	Spaking, Joseph.	
Diamond, James.	McManus, Fred.	Springer, Frederick.	
Diamond, Patrick.	McMath, James.	Stokey, Henry.	
Deput, Anthony.	McGovern, Geo.	Turney, Wesley.	
Doran, Joseph.	McGough, John.	Warn, John.	
Dwyre, Timothy	McCormick, Samuel.	Webb, Jas. W.	
Doyle, Francis.	McCue, Patrick.	Whitney, Asa.	
Eberling, Valentine.	Mead, Chas. A. M.	Wilson, James.	
Felleon, Geo.	Melvin, John.	Wheelan, John.	
Fielding, Geo.	Middendorf, Peter.	Wilcox, Geo. W.	
Fleman, Wm.	Miller, Matthew.	Wells, Rolla.	
Gillboy, James.	Maser, Christian.	Wright, Chas.	
Green, Chas. W.	Miller, Chas.	Walters, Chas.	
Henon, Henry C.	Mosbrook, Andrew.	Yager, Jacob.	

COMPANY B.

Thomas G. Putnam,.... Captain, Wm. B. Shearer,.... First Lieutenant
 Oscar R. Colgrove,..... Second Lieutenant.

Ackley, Adelbert S.	Green, Jas. N.	Reed, Chas. W.
Allen, Francis.....	Gardner, Fernando	Regan, John
Anderson, Geo. W.	Harrington, John	Renaw, Geo.....
Baldwin, Edward J.	Hennessy, Michael	Rhoades, Christopher
Bacon, Walter A.	Henhulse, Frederick	riggs, Kneeland
Bennett, Wm. H.	Hessait, Patrick	Rohan, Richard
Brown, Chas. C.	Hickey, John	Rones, John
Brown, Frederick	Hill, William.....	Ryan, Michael
Bryant, Jerome W.	Hollahan, Jas.	Schuyler, Wm. P.
Buckley, Daniel.....	Hulbertson, Jas. A.	Scully, John
Burnell, Wm.	Hunt, James	Sexton, Robt. M.
Burden, Henry.....	Hull, Dewitt	Sibe, Wm.
Brooks Alonzo D.	Hardee, Wm.	Smith, John
Burdick, Alonzo E.	Hammond, Wm.	Sherry, Adelbert
Bennett, Alfred G.	Johnson, Jas.	Stafford, Samuel
Case, Oscar D.	Kinson, Jacob	Stiles, Chas. H.
Case, Willard	Lappin, Jas.	Sweet, Chas.
Casey, Patrick	Loomis, Almarin D.	Thursting, Geo.
Clancy, John	Lucus, Jas. B.	Tiffany, Leonard
Coleman, Washington	Lapham, Gilbert T.	Tracy, Abel
Corbett, Patrick	Martin, Geo.	Tripp, Geo. S.
Crawford, Chas.	McGuire, Michael	Van Buren, John A.
Elleboat, John	Mettleton, Wm.	Vosburg, Marion E.
Flitcraft, Thos.	Morse, Leander G.	Walker, Frank S.
Gates, Jas. H.	Murphy, Edward	Welch, Patrick
Genn, Wm.	Nichols, Martin F.	Wheeler, Gilbert B.
Gillespie, Francis	Orton, Martin	Wilbur, Rufus
Gladwell, Robt.	Pape, Geo. H.	Woods, James
Gorman, Daniel.....	Pitney, Byron	Wright, Jas. B.
Greenbush, John	Randolph, Lucius F.	

COMPANY C.

Jefferson C. Bigelow,.... Captain, Ralph D. Short,.... First Lieutenant
 Levi T. Sheldon,.... Second Lieutenant.

Anderson, Chas. J.	Falkner, George	Newell Geo.
Arnold, William	Frazer, John J.	Norman, Abram
Babcock, Hiram	Fuller, Martin	Oakley, John J.
Beeman, Henry	Garwood, William	Otis, James E.
Benedict, Wm. D.	Gregg, Leslie	Parsons, Chester F.
Burch, Milo	Hacket, William	Peacock, Ambrose
Bird, Peter T. B.	Hart, Joel S.	Raymond, Chas. E.
Blackwood, Neil	Hattens, William	Reed, Thomas J.
Booth, Wesley	Hathaway, Frank	Reeves, William W.
Bortle, Seymour	Hennessy, Arthur	Rockwell, James L.
Broakaw, James C.	Herbenson, Geo. B.	Rockwell, Lewis A.
Brooks, John H.	Hodges, Amos	Sayers, Chas. A.
Brown, Asa	Jarvis, Benj. F.	Seamting, Michael
Brown, William H.	Johnson, James H.	Sevoy, Lewis
Calf, Benjamin	Johnson, Chas. H.	Shutliff, Geo.
Call, Matthew	Keller, Jacob	Singleton, Edward
Clark, Charles	Knowles, Albert	Spendlove, Philip C.
Cleveland, Turner	Lewis, Henry W.	Saline, Lorenzo H.
Cloys, Benjamin F.	Madigan, Frank	Thompson, Melville C.
Commings, Alonzo	McGary, Charles	Townsend, Henry
Commings, Thomas	McLaughlin, —	Tuttle, Henry N.
Condon, William	Major, Henry	Van Antwerp, John
Dean, Joel M.	Middlebrook, Aaron	Vescelius, Alanson S.
Dempsey, Jeremiah	Milligan, Patrick	Waters, John
Donahue, John	Mann, Frederick	Wood, Charles
Dullegahan, Thos.	McCormick, Francis	Warner, John C.
Fisher, Charles H.	Norget, Robert	Youngs, John
Finn, George		

COMPANY D.

Orson R. Colgrove, ... Captain, Robt. Cameron, Jr., ... First Lieutenant
Chas. G. Hampton, ... Second Lieutenant.

Adams, Elwin	Hewitt, Robert	Riley, Thomas
Alexander, Ephraim	Hoag, Geo. W.	Robinson, Gustavus
Anderson, Edwin	Holmes, Clark	Rogers, Amicha J.
Balslay, Lucius D.	Holmes, John	Resner, Scott
Barnes, Corridon	Hunter, Nathan S.	Schrader, Daniel
Bennett, Wm. S.	Irvine, John	Schrader, Jacob
Benson, George	Johnson, Francis B.	Sherman, Wesley
Bigelow, Cyrus S.	Jones, John J.	Shepard, John
Bostwick, Glassford H.	Jordan, William	Shoals, David L.
Burney, James L.	Kratz, Jolin	Siglar, Wm. A.
Brown, Frederick E.	Laraby, Edward	Slagut, Gilbert
Colgrove, Wm. H.	Laraway, Ben. T.	Smith, Edward
Cooper, Robt. I.	Magher, Michael	Snook, Theo. D.
Costello, Charles	Mahon, Michael	Stanley, Calvert
Crilley, John	Maganic, James	Stanton, Calvin P.
Dearlove, Robt.	Miller, Gurdon H.	Stearnes, D. Philander
Decker, Wm. H.	Mitchell, David	Stewart, Addison
Deevesy, Andrew	Moore, James	Slingerland, Geo. W.
Dervin, Patrick	Miller, Edgar	Taylor, Azariah S.
Ehart, Frank	Morse, Jerome	Taylor, Samuel
Francis, James	Morgan, Alfred	Travis, Geo. W.
Gibbs, Hiram H.	Morgan, Edward	Travis, Warren J.
Glover, Thomas	Nash, Morris E.	Vogul, Fred R.
Gorman, Henry	Nichols, Wm. H.	Walter, Chas. A.
Gorman, Nathaniel	Payne, Robt.	Wells, Levi
Grier, James	Prindle, Wm. J.	Willis, Edward
Haynes, Sylvanus	Reed, Chas. L.	Warden, Squire
Harrington, Wm. W.	Reynolds, Edwin	Walters, Charles
Herrick, Wm. S.		

COMPANY E.

Geo. M. Ellicott, Captain, Fred J. Maxwell, First Lieutenant,
H. B. Ranney, Second Lieutenant.

Ashman, Robt.	Harris, John	McLean, John G.
Beesman, John	Hayes, John	Neston, John
Birmingham, John	Hogan, Thomas	Oothoudt, Richard
Boreal, Paul	Heal, William	Pagefall, Max
Boughton, Wm.	Heath, Alonzo	Perry, Congdon O.
Bushbee, Frank	Hollis, Geo. C.	Primmer, Sylvester
Butter, Chas. H.	Huff, Henry	Roberts, Thos. S.
Bond, Geo. A.	Huffmartin, John	Rollo, Peter
Bragdon, Edward	Hyoth, Frederick	Russell, Luther
Bean, Richard	Hawkins, Wm.	Sabel, Peter
Cole, William	Hamilton, Robert	Schneider, Theo.
Connine, Richard H.	Hoxie, Wm.	Scott, William
Conley, James	Holmes, Geo.	Shaw, Hozea L.
Corcoran, James	James, John	Sherman, Frank
Coughlin, Joseph	Jacobus, John	Silverson, Edward
Coughlin, Peter	Kenyon, Jonas	Slattery, Michael
Cooper, William	Learman, Geo.	Smith, James
Dodge, Melvin C.	Lilly, Richmond,	Smith, Walter W.
Duffner, Chas.	Lincoln, Noah B.	Smith, William
Dwyre, Dennis	Lake, William	Snyder, Peter
Dickerson, O. E.	McClellan, John	Scott, Thos. H.
Ebert, William	McGrath, John	Sherwood, Geo. W.
Emms, George	Metzler, John	Temple, Charles
Frazier, Geo.	Michels, John P.	Turner, William
Gleason, James	Michlian, Peter	Unelauf, Oscar
Good, George	Miller, John	Whitney, Frank
Guman, John	Morgan, James H.	Wright, Albert
Gormly, Thomas	McGurn, Aeph	Wells, Franklin H.
Halbut, Civilian		

COMPANY F.

Leonard F. Hathaway,.... Captain. William D. Pearns,... First Lieutenant.
William Whitlock,..... Second Lieutenant.

Akins, Harrison T.	Fitzgerald, John	Peters, Wm. G.
Bagley, J. A.	Fahomsswold, Chas	Patten, William
Balcomb, John J.	Graves, John W.	Peters, George
Bowers, Henry	Graham, George	Peilett, Edward
Burke, Edward	Greenfield, John	Petcock, Robert
Burt, Elihu C.	Goodrich, Chas.	Putney, John H.
Brown, Harvey	Helsler, Edward A.	Robinson, Oliver
Barrows, Stephen	Johnson, John	Rennie, Albert
Beebe, Nathan	Johnson, Edgar	Riley, John
Chrysler, Mathias	Kipp, Joseph	Snyder, Theo.
Cooper, Wm. F.	Keefe, Michael	Sharp, John
Cullen, John	Larkin, Michael	Shepard, Henry H.
Chafry, Thos. J.	LeRoy, Wm.	Storing, Homer H.
Crane, Wm.	Livingston, John	Standen, John
Cronk, Ledrick	Lounsbury, Jas. V.	St. Germain, John
Curly, Fagus	Lee, Francis	Stratchin, John
Carpenter, Stephen	McCarthy, Dennis	Savalien, Moses
Devine, Peter	McIntyre, Geo. W.	Taylor, William
Donahue, James	McCoy, William	Tobin, John
Durkee, Chas.	McCoy, Henry	Tobin, Richard
Duffy, John	McGaugan, Chas.	Tobin, Thomas
Durston, Thomas W.	Murphy, John	Turner, Thomas
Dwyer, Roger	Nash, Geo. W.	Wilkinson, Lorenzo
Durkee, Nathan	Noro, Leander	Wilcox, Nelson B.
Dawbree, Anthony	O'Donald, Pat	Washburn, Stephen
Deahan, Edward	Phillip, James	Welch, Barnard
Demander, Nathaniel S.	Prescott, Albert	Zeller, Edward
Echter, Gustavus		

COMPANY G.

Wallis M. Boyer,..... Captain, Henry S. Krum,... First Lieutenant,
John S. Hicks,....Second Lieutenant

Apgar, Melville	Everts, Byron	McLean, Joseph
Ashfield, Jno. H.	Frisbee, Samuel	McGovern, Michael
Baldwin, Jno. G.	Fruzakerly, Wm.	Mulligan, John
Beeman, John B.	Freer, Martin P.	Moseley, Chas. D.
Benson, Peter	Gordon, William	Nepage, Otto
Barton, Seymour	Ginemier, Lewis	Norton, Wm.
Bradshaw, Silas	Haviland, Edgar	Norton, Chauncey S.
Brown Joseph R.	Hennesy, John	Perry, Ebenezer
Bontley, Geo. W.	Heggie, Roswell H.	Patterson Frank H.
Brown, Geo W.	Hayes, Henry O.	Reynolds, John D.
Baller, Chas.	Halsey, John J.	Rusher, Alonzo
Barton, James R.	Jewell, H. S.	Slater, Jos. H.
Buntey, Byron D.	Jones, Wm. E.	Strong, Wm. A.
Babcock, Sewell	Knap, Charles	Sweeney, Thomas
Canfield, Jas. M.	Kimball, Wm. E.	Squires, Chas. H.
Coalman, Edward	Kenyon, Chas. W.	Stanley, Orrin
Clark, John C.	Landon, Daniel	Stowbridge, Geo. W.
Clinton, Edward P.	Lane, Emory A.	Sweeney, Dennis
Coville, M. C.	McCarthy, James	Sikes, Orlando
Cheesebrrough, Peleg	Matson, Geo. J.	Turney, Norman
Demaranyville, Seth L.	Moulton, Allen	Teeter, Charles
Davis, William	McClenthu, Chas.	Van Marter, Enos
Doyle, Edward	Moor, James	Vanderburg, Wm.
Daily, Thomas	Meher, Anthony	Watkins Amos R.
Delain, Paul	Manning, John	Wood, John L.
Dwire, Wm	Maynard, Henry A.	Webster, Solomon
Drew, William	Mandeville, Chas.	Wallace James J.
Edick, Harvey		

COMPANY H.

John F. Moschell,..... Captain. James Herron,..... First Lieutenant.
Burritt N. Hurd,..... Second Lieutenant.

Babet, Frederick.....	Hines, James.....	Reed, Edmund.....
Bailey, John	Hubbard, Oliver.....	Sadler, Asa.....
Belsea, Lewis.....	Haviland, Samuel T.....	Sayres, David.....
Bisgrove, Joseph.....	Huntley, Delos.....	Sherwin, Fred C.....
Brown, William.....	Hurlbut, Albert H.....	Sloan, Geo. B.....
Burt, William.....	Jefferson, James.....	Smith, James.....
Button, Geo. H.....	Jennings, Thomas, Jr.....	Stapleton, John.....
Caster, Allen.....	Jones, John.....	Sturdevant, Geo. H.....
Cegga, Pierce.....	King, James.....	Tierney, John.....
Comstock, Orville.....	Leach, Ephraim.....	Thornton, James.....
Cronk, John J.....	Leonard, Harvey.....	Tarcott, Paul.....
Clark, Aaron P.....	Manihan, James.....	Utter, Stephen A.....
DeGarney, Wm.....	Markey, Patrick.....	Van Arsdale, Geo.....
Dewey, Wm. H.....	McCabe, John.....	Van Buskirk, Martin.....
Downer, Wm. W.....	McCabe, John.....	VanBuren, Abram.....
Doyle, Hugh.....	McDonald, James.....	VanOrder, Kimball.....
Duff, John.....	McGan, William.....	Wallace, James.....
Emily, Thomas.....	Maxwell, McAllen.....	Warner, Henry L.....
Etter, Geo.....	McNamly, Peter.....	Webster, Herbert.....
Gifford, Martin.....	Miller, John.....	West, Roswell.....
Grey, George.....	Morse, Leonard D.....	Wheeler, Alvin.....
Guider, John.....	Nash, Virgil M.....	Whitcomb, David L.....
Gallagher, John.....	O'Brien, Patrick.....	Williams, Arthur.....
Haffey, Dennis.....	Oliver, Samuel C.....	Williams, Orrin.....
Hardin, James.....	Pauk, Lonn J.....	Wood, Ela.....
Helsel, Edwin A.....	Phillips, Herbert L.....	West, L. Nathaniel.....
Henderson, Deforest.....	Porter, Henry T.....	Zimmerman, Jacob.....

COMPANY I.

Joseph Herron,..... Captain.

Abbey, Chas.....	Cochlin, Timothy.....	Kelly, John.....
Allen, Hiram.....	Cones, Geo. W.....	McCarthy, Dennis.....
Avery, Francis W.....	Cook, Newton G.....	McCracken, John.....
Barber, Gideon.....	Conroy, John.....	McLane, Edward.....
Barr, Hiram H.....	Crofoot, Henry.....	Mead, Albert.....
Belanger, Joseph I.....	Delaney, John.....	Monroe, Conger.....
Bender, Charles.....	Derosse, Paul.....	Murphy, John.....
Blake, Edward.....	Dix, William.....	Mundy, David.....
Blythe, Chas.....	Doyle, Joseph.....	Murray, James.....
Bowen, James.....	Drake, Horace L.....	Price, Wm. H.....
Breen, Thomas.....	Ehle, Seymour.....	Reynolds, Burton.....
Bisgrove, Joseph.....	Evans, Darwin.....	Richardson, Jos. M.....
Brownell, Morton.....	Featherly, Harvey.....	Rowe, Beazor.....
Burger, Wm. N.....	Fredenburgh, Henry.....	Scott, David F.....
Barnes, Geo. W.....	Gaines, Anthony.....	Secord, John L.....
Buttrey, Edwin.....	Galens, Peter.....	Shoff, Alexander.....
Butler, James.....	Goudy, Jabez.....	Smith, James.....
Callhan, Jerry.....	Harvey, Edward E.....	Sturdevant, Chas B.....
Canty, Michael.....	Hinman, Jas. B.....	Seir, Leonard.....
Carter, Henry L.....	Hoag, Harlan.....	Trowbridge, W. H.....
Casilman, Lorenzo.....	Hopkins, Wm. H.....	Van Nelson, Hosea.....
Cavilier, Benj. B.....	Hauser, John A.....	Watkins, Robt.....
Connor, Geo.....	Howes, John.....	Whitelock, Chas. B.....
Churchill, Flavius.....	Hoyt, Jason W.....	Wiles, Leonard.....
Clark, Stephen D.....	Hyde, Michael.....	Wright, Eldred.....
Clary, Thos.....	Kasson, Wm.....	

COMPANY K.

John S. Hicks,	Captain,	Jerry Lester,	First Lieutenant
Levi Kraft,		Second Lieutenant.	
Albring, Wm. H.	Galligher, Thos.	Root, Amos	
Avery, Daniel J.	George, Chas. W.	Robinson, Jos.	
Barber, John P.	Greaves, Wm.	Ryan, Geo. A.	
Batterson, Asa	Hallenbeck, David	Ryan, John A.	
Betts, Milo	Hammond, John F.	Schoonmaker, Silas W.	
Bowman, Wm.	Haskell, Josephus	Seymour, Harvey	
Boyce, Lyman	Higgins, Michael	Smith, Melvin A.	
Brewer, Sidney	Horel, Chas.	Smith, George	
Broundock, Martin	Hunt, Geo. W.	Sterling, John	
Brower, Wm. H.	Kresinger, Thos.	Stelles James W.	
Brown, Geo.	Kling, Peter	Stewart, David	
Burgess, Thos. G.	Lamay, Peter	Sweeney, Robt.	
Carroll, Edward	Leach, John	Spurlock, Hubert J.	
Conklin, Eli	Lorter, Pur.	Torry, Robert E.	
Cook, Walter	Leonard, Wm. H.	Turner, John	
Coony, John C.	Maguire, Michael	Tarcott, Chas.	
Davis, Nathaniel	McGovern, Henry	Van Allen, Peter	
Decker, Thorpe	Metcirath, Henry	Van Wagoner, John	
Devan, Wm. W.	Meher, Peter	Vedder, Elisha	
Dockstaver, Geo.	Mellyville, Joseph	Weaver, Geo.	
Dykeman, Delos	Mitice, Henry M.	Welch, John	
Dennis, Caleb	Nelson, Edward	West Joseph	
Downer, Benj. H.	Newbeaur, Geo.	West, Newell	
Edlick, Harvey	Newcomb, Patrick	Williamson, Edward	
Finek, Anthony	Perry, Wesley S.	Willoughby, Anson	
Finny, James	Peterson, John	Woodbridge, Henry	
Fowler, Ernest	Pew, Chas. S.	Yager, Luther E.	
Gardner, Peter	Preston, Alonzo H.		

COMPANY L.

Marshall M. Loydon . . . Captain. Morris J. McCornell . . First Lieutenant.

Babcock, Wm. H.	Frazer, John W.	Patterson, Theodore	
Bailey, Lewis H.	Gilson, Oliver P.	Peek, John J.	
Baldwin, Caleb	Gilson, Samuel H.	Penney, Theo. P.	
Banta, Aaron T.	Goble, Thos. O.	Phillips, Courtland	
Bargus, Jos.	Graham, James	Pressey, Daniel G.	
Barker, John	Heaton, Amos	Puff, John W.	
Barr, Albert S.	Higby, Chas. F.	Remington, Jason G.	
Beckwith, Thos.	Hindley, Chas.	Robinson, Seth K.	
Benjamin, Dunn G.	Hudson, Sidney R.	Rosecrans, Elijah	
Bloomer, Wm.	Johns, Chas.	Ross, Charles E.	
Bowen, Samuel	Kelly, Michael	Rump, Benj. A.	
Broadhead, Jas	Kent, James	Say, John	
Bryan, Nathan	Kinney, Edward	Sherman, John N.	
Buchanan, Jas. A.	Lozier, Joseph	Smith, Charles	
Burdick, Geo. R.	Marshall, Chas.	Smith, John W.	
Burdick, Jesse	Massen, Geo. R.	Spamback, John	
Burdick, Peleg	McCabe, Owen	Stanton, William	
Burns, James	McDonald, Leander	Thompson, James	
Chilson, David W.	McDonald, Thos.	Travis, John	
Clune, Frank	Milliken, Robt. S.	Turner, Thomas G.	
Corey, Hiram	Murdoek, Joseph S.	Van Order, Charles	
Cartwright, Geo. W.	Myers, Isaac	Wallace, John H.	
Decker, Geo.	Nicholak, Clark	Webber, Samuel	
Decker, Jeremiah C.	Ogden, Gilbert B.	Westfall, Aaron T.	
Dickson, David R.	O'Neil, Nathaniel H.	Westfall, Geo. W.	
Downey, James	Page, Charles	Welter, James H.	
Downing, S. B.	Puckard, Matthew H.	Whitmore, Chas. W.	
Dunn, David L.	Patten, Esau S.	Willy, Jonas	
Edwards, Wm	Patterson, Chas. H.	Wright, Wm. H.	

COMPANY M.

Seth J. Steve,.....	Captain,	Edward Fuller....Second Lieutenant
Aldo, Levi.....	Donovan, Charles.....	Little, Edward W.....
Baker, Josiah.....	Fox, William.....	McConnell, James.....
Ballf, James.....	Gardner, Thos. O.....	McLaughlin, John E.....
Bates, James A.....	Gracey, James.....	Miller, Frederick A.....
Bennett, George.....	Griffin, Jesse.....	Monaghan, Patrick K.....
Blackwell, Andrew J.....	Gough, Philip.....	Norton, Ashbel.....
Poynton, Ruel K.....	Grady, Michael	Palmer, Lory.....
Beecher, Milton.....	Hall, George	Parker, John R.....
Bulus, Oscar	Hennessy, Patrick	Perry, Theodore A.....
Burk, Michael	Hesse, Herman.....	Porter, Edward
Butcher, John.....	Higens, John.....	Porter, William
Carpenter, Wm.....	Hill, Theodore.....	Raidy, John
Celle, James R.....	Hurkley, Dier.....	Shaw, Thos., Jr.....
Clark, Frank.....	Holmes, Henry H.....	Sheldon, Thomas.....
Clark, Geo. M.....	Hubbell, Charles.....	Shorey, Joseph.....
Coie, Charles.....	Huycke, George.....	Skelley, John.....
Corcoran, Richard.....	Jarvis, Robert.....	Sneed, Henry C.....
Cosgriff, Peter.....	Jones, Edward.....	Spanier, John P.....
Crandall, Noyes F.....	Jones, Edwin.....	Sutliff, Edward.....
Culver, John H.....	Jones, Walker D.....	Thayer, Warren.....
Curry, Joseph.....	Keeting, John.....	Turck, Abram.....
Curry, Jas. Jr.....	Kelly, Samuel	Uncer, John
Daly, John	Kent, Sanford L.....	Van Beuschooten, Geo.....
Dampsy, James	King, Bernard.....	Watson, Winslow J.....
Davison, Maxwell	Kipp, Geo. B.....	Williams, John.....
Dawson, Thomas.....	Lane, John W.....	Wilson, George.....
Pelemater, Hezekiah.....	Linderman, H. Willett.	Wilson, James.....
Depew, Wm. H.....		



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